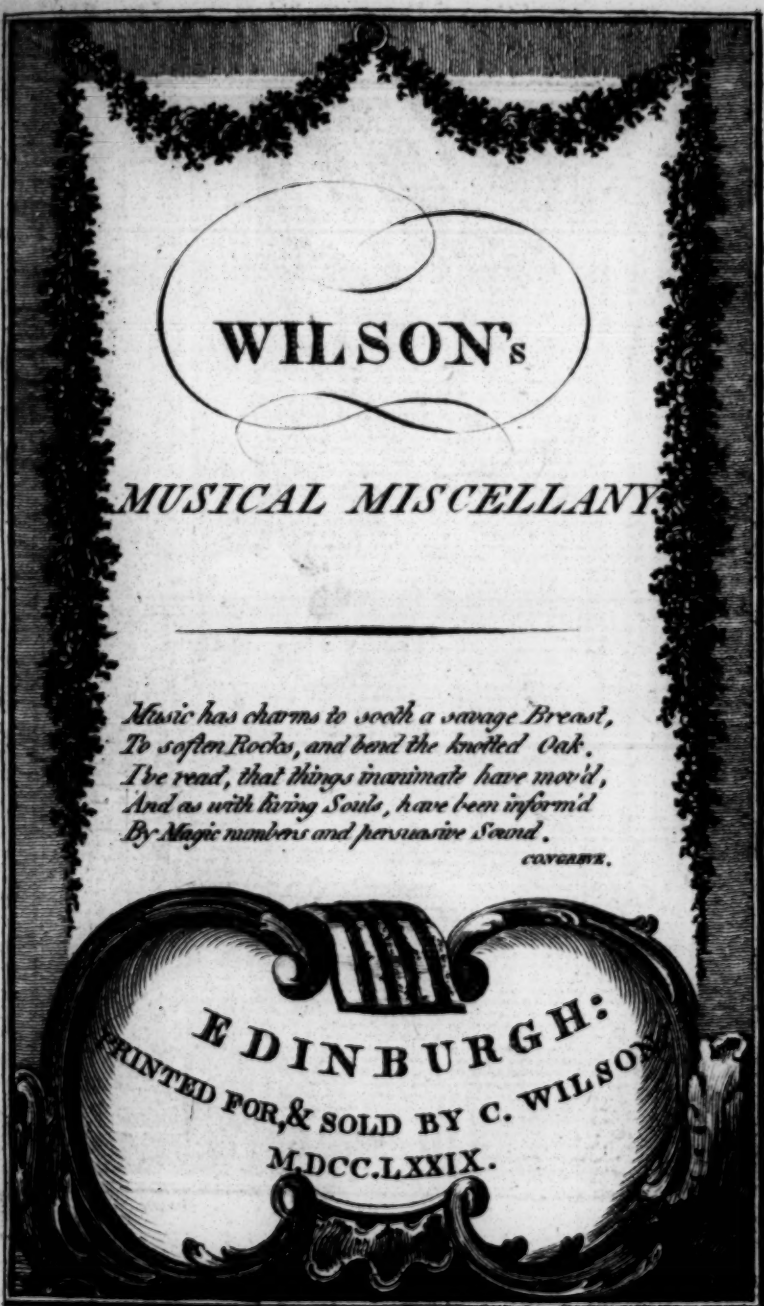


Engraved for Wilson's Musical Miscellany.



Conan Sculp.

ST CECILIA.



WILSON'S

MUSICAL MISCELLANY

*Music has charms to sooth a savage Breast,
To soften Rocks, and bend the knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living Souls, have been inform'd
By Magic numbers and persuasive Sound.*

coveaux.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR, & SOLD BY C. WILSON

MDCC.LXXIX.

1874. 1



- H. Wilson
ST. C E C I L I A ;

OR, THE

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S
HARMONIOUS COMPANION:

BEING A

Select Collection of

SCOTS AND ENGLISH SONGS;

MANY OF WHICH ARE ORIGINALS.

Together with a Set of Favourite

CATCHES AND GLEES:

Also a Variety of the most Celebrated

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY W. DARLING FOR C. WILSON;

AND SOLD BY J. DICKSON AND C. ELLIOT.

M, DCC, LXXIX.

(PRICE, TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE, BOUND.)

Entered in Stationers-Hall,

According to Act of Parliament.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

T H O M A S,

EARL OF HADDINGTON,

AND GOVERNOR OF THE

EDINBURGH MUSICAL SOCIETY.

MY LORD,

AS Collections of this kind have frequently been corrupted by the insertion of *indecent Compositions*, and by that means have fallen out of repute; in making the following *Selection*, I have paid every degree of attention in my power, to render it worthy of the *Patronage* of the most delicate and feeling *Heart*.

WILLING to shelter it under the Wings of one, whose Judgment and Taste are known to the World, it was impossible for me to lay this *COLLECTION* at the Feet of any other than YOUR *LORDSHIP*;—whose *Protection* will not only encourage, but highly oblige,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

HUMBLY DEVOTED SERVANT,

CHARLES WILSON.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE Excellency of *Vocal Music*, above all other kinds, is so generally allowed, that, to make any Apology for a *Collection of Songs*, must necessarily be superfluous.—

The great Demand for ALLAN RAMSAY'S *Tea-Table Miscellany*, shews how much Collections of this kind have been relished by the People of this Country: But, as the Taste of Mankind in every Thing soon

changes, most of the *Songs* in that Collection have now ceased to please, and become in a manner obsolete; so that the *Tea-Table Miscellany* is no longer sought after with the same avidity as formerly; what are reckoned the most favourite Scots and English SONGS, contained in it, &c. the EDITOR hereof has carefully inserted in this: Together with a great number of *elegant Originals*, innocent and entertaining; being the Productions of several Ladies and Gentlemen.

OTHER Collections have been printed which have had all one general fault; viz. that they abounded too much with *obscene Songs*, that tend to suppress Virtue; which plainly denotes that the Editors thereof

THE PREFACE. vii

have had but a mean Taste. Performances of this kind are the only ones which can be thought to give universal Satisfaction, as they can only be accommodated with Precision to the *general Taste*, at the time when they are published.

PARTICULAR Care hath been taken in the *Selection* of this Edition, and nothing is inserted that can possibly give the least offence to that delicacy of taste for which the present Age is so remarkable.



THE FIVE

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WILSON'S
MUSICAL MISCELLANY.



SONG I.

To the Tune of, THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

MELIA, she's so wond'rous fair,
A That you'd not ken her frae a lady;
Comely and gracefu' is her air;
But, ah! she can't win frae her daddie.

*O! my lovely, charming lassie,
My dear, angelic, handsome lassie,
Tho' now confin'd frae me she's kept,
Yet still I'll love my Lawland lassie.*

Whene'er I see her smiling face,
My heart does pant with joy and pleasure;
But, when she's absent frae the place,
O! I am grieved out of measure.

O! my lovely, &c.

She is possess'd of many charms,
 Which quite enchant her faithfu' laddie;
 O! if I had her in my arms
 I wou'd e'en keep her frae her daddie.
O! my lovely, &c.

To happiness I'll bid adieu,
 'Till she arrives into AULD REEKY;
 For there's nae ither nymph I loo'
 Like my sweet Amelia M——y.
O! my lovely, &c.
 C. W.

SONG 2.

By a Lady of Quality.

THE sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn,
 The hills all white with snow,
 Leave me dejected and forlorn;
 Who can describe my woe?
 But not the sun's warm beams could chear,
 Nor hills tho' e'er so green;
 Unless my Damon should appear
 To beautify the scene.

The frozen brooks, and pathless vales,
Disjoin my love and me ;
The pining bird his fate bewails,
On yonder leafless tree !
But, what to me are birds, or brooks,
Or any joy that's near ?
Heavy the lute, and dull the books,
While Damon is not here.

The Laplander, who, half the year,
Is wrapt in shades of night,
Mourns not, like me, his winter drear,
Nor wishes more for light.
But what were light, without my love,
Or objects e'er so fine ?
The flow'ry meadow, field, or grove,
If Damon be not mine ?

Each moment, from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain ;
Fly swift, ye hours ! be calm the day
That brings my love again !
O ! haste, and bring him to my arms,
Nor let us ever part ;
My breast shall beat no more alarms,
When I secure his heart.

SONG 3.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

PHOEBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
To the lyrist's call repair;
And the strings to rapture straining,
Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to spare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
'Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
Which the Sons of Art prepare,
Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion;
But, if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the fashion,
Favour'd by the British Fair.



SONG 4.

To the tune of, *I told my nymph, I told her true.*

ADIEU! ye native fields and bow'rs!
Where sportive pleasure loves to dwell;
Where rural mirth can charm the hours:
Ye scenes! ye lovely haunts, farewell!

Ye dear companions of my youth!
Who oft partook my heedless joy,
When all was innocence and truth;
(No cares did then my bliss annoy.)
Farewell!—and, O! may happy days,
And ev'ry blessing round ye dwell!
May sweet contentment, join'd with ease,
For ever shade your native cell.

And thou, Philander! chosen friend,
Whose faithful breast oft sooth'd my care;
That Heav'n from ev'ry ill defend
My friend, shall be my latest pray'r.

Yet, yet Philander! yet a sigh;
A pensive sigh still heaves my breast,
A tear escapes my downcast eye,
And fond remembrance breaks my rest.

When I recal those happy hours
With thee, my friend, in wanton play,
Amid yon green-lin'd leafy bow'rs;
How lightly flew those hours away!

Or at the foot of yonder hill,
Where falls the rushing stream so fast;
And here, where sweetly glides the rill,
With how much joy our time we past!

The dear delusion wou'd not last;
The airy vision now is o'er:
Cou'd I forget but time that's past,
And fond reflection were no more!

Adieu! ye seats of pure delight!
Ne'er will ye joy to me renew;
A ling'ring tear now dims my sight,
Perhaps for ever.—Ah! adieu!

S O N G 5.

How imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart:

When our bosoms all complaining
With delicious tumults swell,
Speak what trembling, fault'ring, dying ;
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror
Quite expressive paints my cheek ;
Ask no more, behold your error,
Blushes eloquently speak :
What though silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air ;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what your's have written there.

Ah ! that you could once conceive me,
Once my soul's strong feelings view ;
Love has nought more sweet, believe me ;
Friendship nothing half so true ;
From you I am wild, despairing ;
With you speechless as I touch ;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.



SONG 6.

COULD ye guess,—for I ill can repeat,
The sensation I am destin'd to prove;
'Tis something than friendship more sweet,
More passionate even than love.

For ever when absent from you,
Pale echo returns my fond sighs;
But when happ'ly your beauties I view,
On my lips the faint utt'rance dies.

This the secret I had to betray,
And the fate of my passion is such;
That in what I was prompted to say,
Methinks I have utter'd too much.

SONG 6.

By Mr W. C. to a young Lady.

THE Cyprian queen when fam'd Apelles drew,
He had each beauty of his age in view;
Before him all the fair creation rose,
While from each nymph each various charm he chose.

From this he stole the mildness of her eyes,
From that her lips in imitative dyes ;
From one her bloom, another's golden hair,
'Till the whole portrait rose divinely fair.

But had he liv'd to see your angel face,
From you he'd borrow'd ev'ry lovely grace ;
No other fair before his eyes he'd set,
But take each charm from much-lov'd H———t.

Yet though assisted by a hand divine,
Each colour glow'd, and ev'ry stroke was fine ;
Yet though he summon'd all the pow'rs of paint,
The world, alas ! would own the likeness faint.

S O N G 7.

WHILE yet as a cowan I wander'd the plain,
I thought to be a mason again and again,
But often was told it was not for my weil,
For at meetings of masons they rais'd the Deil.

rais'd the Deil, &c.

I thither repair'd, being resolv'd in my mind,
When to my surprise a good friend I did find,
And bade me prepare, for so hearty I'd feel ;
What still was now strange when I thought on the Deil.

thought on the Deil, &c.

We knock'd, but was stopp'd; when we enter'd
the door,

They said, Who brings you here whom we ne'er
saw before;

I told them, I thought to be admitted fu' weil,
As I freely came here to shake hands wi' the Deil.

shake hands wi' the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair then admittance we found,
But like one that's blind I gropp'd all the way round;

'Till something I felt made me stagger and reel,
Which rais'd my old thought, I'd meet wi' the Deil.

meet with the Deil, &c.

At last to my joy I found all things go right,
And began by degrees to discover the light;
The master advis'd me to swallow a pill,
Which he said would purge from me all fears of the
Deil.

fears of the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair I did join the glad throng,
And partook of their joys o'er a glass and a song:
Ye cowans, remember the masons are lee!
And beware of yourselves when you speak of the
Deil.

speak of the Deil, &c.

SONG 8.

KATY'S COMPLAINT.

BY the side of a grove, young Delia did stray,
Her soul was all love and all sweetness her lay,
The smooth-gliding stream slid softly along,
The birds ceas'd their theme t' attend to her song :
Ah! my Strephon, she cry'd, have you left me to
mourn,

'Tis in vain I have sigh'd, and implor'd your return.

I'll tell all my woes to the birds and the skies,
Swell the stream with my tears, and the breeze with
my sighs :

Sweet Philomel hears, and answers my moan,
And the rocks too have ears, but my Strephon has
none :

The frown that alarm'd him has lost all its power,
And the voice that once charm'd him now charms
him no more.

Ye sweet breathing gales, that sport on the plain,
Ye hills, woods, and dales, that reply to my strain,
Co tell him our loves, but why should ye tell ?
All ye woods, and ye groves, and ye meadows, fare-
well :

To some shade I'll repair, conceal'd from the day,
Feed my soul with despair 'till I sigh it away.

SONG 9.

THE SOLDIER'S MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, and the morning grey,
The drummer beat the reveille;
And jolly soldiers on the ground,
In peaceful camp slept safe and sound:
Only one poor soldier, who
Nought but love could e'er subdue,
Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
There to vent his plaints and love.

O! women are lovely dangerous things,
Their sweets, like the bees, are mingled with stings;
They're not to be had without care and cost;
They're hard to be kept, and easily lost:
In seeking a fair one, I found to my smart,
I knew not the way I lost my own heart,
I knew not the way I lost my own heart.

Too fondly once I thought to win the lovely
charmer,
And ev'ry method try'd in hopes to make her warmer:
But all my hopes are over, what scheme then can
I try?
But, like a hapless lover, here lay me down and die.

As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In arms bright and gay,
And thus to him did say:

Rise, soldier, rise;—the drummer beats to arms,
Hark to the loud alarms;
Hang her beauty, mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.
Rise, soldier, rise;—I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you to the land,
And give you the command
Of a chosen band.

Rise, soldier, rise;
Don't be stupid,
Drive away Cupid,
Think on Minerva's wife advice,
Soldier, go home, go home,
Ne'er mind your mistress's scorn;
Slight, slight her again,
Slight, slight her again,
For slighted love should slights return.

The soldier then rose from his am'rous sloth,
And hasted away to his duty;
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.

Sing bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as stout as a buff.

Those that live single they never wear horns,
Those that live single are happy ;
Those that are married do lye upon thorns,
They always go ragged and shabby.
Sing cuckolds come dig, cuckolds come dig,
Round about cuckolds come dance to my jig.

Those that live single do ne'er fear a rout,
Nothing to them can be sweeter ;
They have no wife for to simper and pout,
Crying, *How can you leave me, dear Peter !*
Sing bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as stout as a buff.

Ye belles and flirts, that are so fair,
Say, are not soldiers form'd for love ?
For sure you'll find them all sincere,
If you'll but kind and constant prove ;
But if you slight their passion still,
And tyrannize o'er hearts so true,
Depend upon't, they'll all rebel,
And never care a fig for you.

O ! hold your foolish tongue,
Little smiling Cupid said ;

Have you never heard it sung,
That constancy would win a maid?
The greatest men alive
Have been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome;
'Tis in vain with love to strive,
Though arm'd with sword, and spear, and gun.
*Then ground your arms, Sons of War,
There's no quarr'ling with the Fair.*

SONG 10.

A SHAPE alone let others prize
The features of the Fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air:
A damask'd cheek, an iv'ry arm,
Could ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within.
A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel-innocence refines
The tenderness of love:

These are the force of beauty's charms,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both these two unite
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new :

With pow'r to sooth the greatest grief,
The wildest rage control ;
Diffusing wildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair ;
But go, behold Amasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

S O N G II.

THE JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

A BEAUTIFUL face and a form without fault,
Are not the attractions by which I am caught ;
Good nature, good sense, and an honest free mind,
Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd.

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,
That who with a beauty alone would engage?
Since time spreads a veil o'er the brightest of eyes,
And a face is a flow'r that blossoms and dies.

Then, Venus, begone with your artful decoys,
Which like syrens do tempt, and like syrens destroy;
'Tis friendship and virtue I seek in a wife,
Whom I'd love and caress ev'ry day of my life.

SONG 12.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.—*Tune, LANGOLEE;*
With Additions by Miss B—Y B—s.

'T WAS Summer, and softly the breezes were
blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river;

Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever;

For there I first gain'd the affection and favour

Of Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, help'less youth ! o'er the rude roaring billows ;
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him ;
Blest Peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

*Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree ;
But, now all these hopes must vanish for ever,
Since Sandy shall ne'er see the banks of the Dee.
On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his body's now lying ;
Whilst friends and acquaintance in Scotland are
crying
For Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.*

*Mishap on the hand by which he was wounded;
Mishap on the wars that call'd him away
From a circle of friends, by which he was surrounded,
Who mourn for dear Sandy the tedious day.
Oh! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented
The loss of a lover so justly lamented;
By time, only time, can her grief be cemented,
And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.*

*'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her
mourning,
From unjust rebellion his country to free;
He left her, in hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee:
For this he despis'd all dangers and perils;
'Twas thus he espous'd Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with
laurels,
The happiest maid on the banks of the Dee.*

*But Fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Though dreadful the thought must be unto me;
He fell, like brave WOLF, when the troops were
victorious,*

*Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree:
Yet, though he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the banks of the Dee.*

S O N G 13.

By a young Gentleman.—Tune, LANGOLEE.

MISS Betty's a girl of very good nature,
Her complexion fair, most delightful to see;
Her air's not affected, she's reg'lar each feature,
Which makes me the fonder to sing her to thee.
Hold on, my sweet muse, without repining,
And sing up her praises without ever whining;
And fix on her mind to be always inclining
To look on her shepherd with mirth and with glee.

Her beauty, with all perfection in measure,
Does form a Diana most pleasing to see;
Her eyes they are bright, and in colour azure,
And she is the pride of all that her see:
Her mind it is past all human painting,
For pen or pencil they are both fainting;
So it is nonsense for you to be minting
To sing her praises, so charming is she.

Last night when I saw her she was passing from me,
But I would not let her go that way so free;
I slept up unto her and asked her favour,
She granted, and made me as happy's could be:

When she spake, O! I was ravish'd,
And she told me myself not to lavish;
I said unto her, I would always lavish
Her praises in town as well as country.

SONG 14.

THE NORTH COUNTRY LASS.--*Tune*, LANGOLEE.

THERE was a fair maiden, her name it was
Gillian,

Her manners were sage tho' her carriage was free;
You scarcely would meet such a girl in a million,

Her charms were the pride of the North Country.
All she said came so wittily,

She danc'd with such grace, and she chanted so
prettily;

Nor Madames of France, nor Signioras of Italy,
Could cope with this lass of the North Country.

Rich lords and fine gentlemen crowded to woo her,
Each begging her most humble servant to be;
Some shew'd coach and horses, some proffer'd gold
to her,

Some, cloaths and fine jewels, most gorgeous to
see.

But, in vain all their brav'ry,
 She said flat and plain she saw thro' their knav'ry,
 And rather would pass her whole life-time in slav'ry
 Than bring such disgrace on the North Country.

But going one day to the wood with young Roger,
 To gather sweet posies for he and for she,
 Sly Cupid observ'd them, (a comical dodger,)
 And hid himself snug in a sycamore-tree ;
 Out he drew from his quiver
 A shaft that a heart made of marble would shiver ;
 He shot, there was none a poor maid to deliver,
 And down fell the lass of the North Country.

S O N G 15.

CHORUS. *O! The days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd at Fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love all the day long,
 And with Nectar crown'd the night,*

Then it was old father, Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
 Half thy malice youth cou'd bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O! the days, &c.

Truth they say lives in a well,
 Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd see;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me.

O! the days, &c.

For, when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found
 - At the bottom of each flask.

O! the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey.

O! the days, &c.

Yet old Jerom'e thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire;
 Still beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O! the days, &c.



S Q N G 16.

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

YOUNG Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea;
Minerva sprung out of the cranium of Jove,
A coy sullen slut, as most authors agree;
Great Bacchus, they tell us, who's the prince of good
fellows,

Was his nat'ral son :—But attend to my tale ;
For those that thus chatter
Know nought of the matter,
He sprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale.

Ye clergy so rev'rend, priests, vicars, and deacons,
Attend, and you'll certainly own it is true ;
That Nottingham ale is the chief of all liquors,
And who understands the dear creature like you ?
It dispells ev'ry vapour,
Saves pen, ink, and paper ;
And when you're dispos'd in the pulpit to rail,
It will open your throats,
You may preach without notes,
When inspir'd with full bumpers of Nottingham
ale.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done
With bolus, with powder, with potion and pill,
Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun,
Than miser with famine, or lawyer with quill:
To dispatch us the quicker
You forbid us malt liquor,
'Till our bodies grow thin, and our faces wax pale.
Each knows, if he pleases,
What cures all diseases,
Is hearty full bumpers of Nottingham ale.

Ye lovers, who talk of your flames, darts, and
daggers,
With Nottingham ale ply your mistress but hard;
The girl that once tastes it will drink 'till she staggers,
And all your past suff'rings with kindness reward;
You may turn and twist her,
And do what you list t' her,
You have found the right way with her heart to
prevail;
Let her take her glass often,
There's nothing can soften
The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale.

SONG 17.

THE COURT OF SESSION GARLAND; PART I.

To the Tune of, LOGAN WATER.

THE bill charg'd upon was payable at sight,
 And decret was craved by A——r W——t;
 But it bore a penalty in case of failzie,
 And therefore was null, contended W——y B——c.

The O——y not chusing to judge it at random,
 Did with the minutes make avifandum;
 And, as the pleadings were vague and windy,
 His Lordship ordered memorials *hinc inde*.

We, setting a stout heart to a stay brae,
 Took into the cause Master D——d R——e;
 Lord A——k, however, repelled our defence,
 And over and above decern'd for expence.

However, of our cause not being aſham'd,
 Unto the whole Lords we ſtraightway reclaim'd,
 And our petition was appointed to be ſeen,
 Becauſe it was drawn by R——c M——n.

The answers by L——t himſelf was wrote,
 And in it no argument or fact was forgot;
 He is the lawyer that from no cauſe will ſinch,
 And on this occaſion divided the bench.

A—r the judgment as illegal blaims,
Its equity, ye bitch! replied my Lord K—s;
This cause, cries H—s, to judge I can't pretend,
For, *justice*, I perceive, wants an *e* at the end.

Lord C—n exprefs'd his doubts and his fears,
And S—n threw in his *weel-weels* and *O! dears*;
This case much resembles that of M—g,
And should go the same way, says Lordy B—g.

Let me tell you, my Lords, this cause is no joke,
Says, with a hoarse laugh, my Lord E—k;
To have read all the papers I pretend not to brag,
Says my Lord G—e, with a snuff and a wag.

Up rose the P—t, and an angry man was he,
To alter this judgment I never can agree;
The East wing said, Yes, the West wing cried, Not,
So it carried, *adhere*, by my Lord's casting vote.

This case being somewhat knetty and perplex'd,
Their Lordships not knowing how they'd determine
next;

And, as the session was to rise so soon,
They superseded the extract 'till the 12th of June.

P A R T II.

HAVING lost it so nigh, we prepar'd for the
Summer,

And, on the 12th of June, presented a reclaimer;
But dreading a refuse we gave D—s a fee,
And, though it run nigh, it carried, *to see*.

In order to bring aid from usage bygone,
The answers were drawn by *quondam* Mefs J—n;
He united, with such art, our law with the civil,
That the Council on both sides would have seen him
at the Devil.

The cause being called, my Lord J—e C—k,
With all due respect, began a loud hark;
He appeal'd to his conscience, his heart, and from
thence
Concluded to alter, but give no expence.

Lord S—d unwilling his judgment to podder,
Or to be anticipate, agreed with his brother;
But M—o was clear the bill to enforce,
Because he observed it was the price of a horse.

Says P—r, with a wink, and his hat all agee,
I remember a case in the year Twenty-Three;
The magistrates of Banff *contra* Robert Car,
I remember it well, I was then at the bar.

Likewise, my Lords, in the case of Peter Caw,
Superflua non.necet was found to be law ;
Lord K——t also quoted the of-one Lithgow,
Where a penalty in a bill was held *pro non scripto*.

Lord P——t thus brought his chair to the plum,
Laid hold of the bench, and brought forward his bum,
In those Answers, my Lords, some freedoms have
been us'd,
Which I could point out provided I chus'd.

I was for this interlocutor, my Lords, I do admit,
But am open to conviction so long's I here do sit ;
To oppose your precedents I quote you some cases,
And Tait, *a priori*, had hurried up the places.

He prov'd it as clear as the sun in the sky,
That their maxims of law cou'd not here apply ;
That the writing in question was neither bill nor
band,
But something unknown in the law of the land.

The question, *adhere* or *alter*, being put,
It carried, *to alter*, by a casting vote ;
B——e then moved,—On the bill there's a raze ;
But by this time their Lordships had call'd the
next cause.

SONG 18.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

'T WAS in the bloom of May,
When odours breathe around,
When nymphs are blyth and gay,
And all with mirth abound;
That happily I stray'd
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a maid,
No mortal e'er so fair;
No mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw.
Which such a face did shade
As Phœbus never saw,
Her locks of nut-brown hue
A cap and coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleasing view,
A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist
A scrip embroider'd hung,
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accompany'd with a song,

With such a pleasing note,
Curroni might regale ;
Or Philomela's throat,
That warbles through the vale.

Not long I stood to view,
Struck with her heav'nly air,
I to the charmer flew,
And caught the yielding fair.
Hear this, ye scornful belles,
And milder ways pursue ;
She that in charms excells,
Excels in kindness too.

S O N G 19.

CHEATING DISPLAY'D.

To the Tune of, There was a jovial beggar.

BY sage philosophers of old
We're told there was a stone,
That all things turn'd to gold ;—but *gold*
To *cheats* turns every one.
So a cheating we will go, we'll go,—we'll go ;
So a-cheating we will go.

The *merchant* thinks the 'squire is trick'd,
When on his goods he lays
Too high a price,—but, ah ! he's nick'd;
A 'squire b ut rarely pays.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *tradesman* too, by art most nice,
Your furniture restores,
To taste polite, 'till in a trice
You're *tasted* out of doors.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *lawyer*, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No *robber* but *himself*.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *quack* and *highwayman* both kill;
What diff'rence can there be?
Save *this* with pistol, *that* with pill;
Your *gold's* the common plea.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *soldier*, bold in bloody fights,
Maintains his country's cause ;
But, soon as things are set to rights,
He tramples on its laws.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *governor*, by liberal arts,
Rude Indians doth reduce ;
But, e'er he half reforms their hearts,
He leaves them ne'er a *Sous*.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *courtier*, for his country dear,
His care doth ne'er relax ;
But, e'er he long the helm doth steer,
He robs it by a tax.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *patriot*, with a flaming zeal,
Will swear his country's lost ;
But, once let Fortune turn the wheel,
He'll sell it for a post.

So a-cheating, &c.

HIS MAJESTY'S fair character
To touch, I would be loth ;
Nor need I,—for his *minister*,
Can cheat enough for *both*.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *husband* cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes ;
While *she* again, to taste her life,
Carouses with the *beaux*.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *tenant* doth the *steward* nick,
 (So low this art we find;)
 The *steward* doth his lordship trick,
 And *he* tricks all mankind.
So a-cheating, &c.

One class there is, to whose fair lot,
 No cheating art should fall,
 They're *clergy* call'd;—but, when they do't,
 They cheat us worst of all.
So a-cheating, &c.

Thus *all the world* a-cheating goes,
 For pleasure or for pelf;
 But, in the end, experience shews,
 The *cheater* cheats *himself*.
So a-cheating we'll not go, not go,—not go;
So a cheating we'll not go.

S O N G 20.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE, LOVE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee';

Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move

To speak her mind thus free:

Gang down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

And soon I'll follow thee;

Gang down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

Down the burn Davie, love,

Gang down the burn Davie, love,

And I'll soon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass

That dwelt on this burn-side;

And Mary was the bonniest lass,

Just meet to be a bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,

Her een were bonny blue,

Her looks were like Aurora bright,

Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,

Straight to the kirk he led her,

There plighted her his faith and troth,

And a bonny bride he made her:

No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free ;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee ;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee.

S O N G 21.

THE STUDENT'S FAREWELL TO THE COLLEGE.

NOW we are freed from college-rules,
And ſystems out of ſeaſon ;
From *learned lumber* of the ſchools,
And Syllogiſtic reaſon :
Then let's no more have it defin'd,
If *matter thinks* or thinks *not* ?
The only matter we've to mind
Is, who here *drinks* or drinks *not*.

•Tis metaphysical to trace
The mind and soul abstracted;
Or prove *infinity of space*,
Or *cause* by *cause effected*:
But better souls will ne'er become
By immaterial thinking;
Then let's ne'er talk of *space* or *room*,
Except the room we drink in.

Their *plenum*, *vacuum*, *minus*, *plus*,
Are learned words, and rare too;
Such terms our tutors may discuss;
And those that please may *here* too:
For *plenum* in each glass we shew,
With *plus et plus* behind, Sir;
And, when the cash runs *minus* low,
The *vacuum* here * we find, Sir.

Sir ISAAC talks of *lights* and *shades*,
And diff'rent *colours* knew, Sir,
'Bout which we'll ne'er disturb our heads;
We only study *two*, Sir:
Both *red* and *white* our glasses boast,
True humour's *rarefaction*;
And after him we'll name our toast,
The *center of attraction*.

* The breeches-pocket..

Upon this *thesis* we'll declaim
 With *stratum super stratum* :
 There's magic in each lady's name ;
 They're nature's *postulatum* :
 And *wine* in Nature's next to *love* ;
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;
 And thus I physically prove,
Nunc tempus est bibendum.

S O N G 22.

YOUNG Jockey, who teiz'd me a twelve-month
 or more.

Now bolder is grown than was mortal before ;
 He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,
 And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear.

With stories of love he would soften my mind,
 And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd ;
 But I vow not a moment I'll trust him-alone,
 And when next he grows rude I will bid him begone.

Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,
 And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke :
 He shall find his mistake if he ventures to try :
 For, than yield on such terms, oh ! I rather would
 die.

With no creature beside he such freedom dare
take;

Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake :
But how can I think that he loves me the best ?
Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest ?

Oh! Jockey, reform, nor be foolish again,
Lest you lose a fond heart you shall never regain :
If you change your behaviour, and to church chuse
to go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say, No.

S O N G 23.

PATTY OF THE HILL.

OH! Venus, queen of soft delights,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r,
Who wishes to attend the rights
In which thy vot'ries share :
Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
Yet void of art or skill,
While he his unfeign'd love declares
For Patty of the hill.

What strains, Oh! goddess, must he find,
To melt her frozen heart,
Since words can ne'er express his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart;
Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
And love in her instill,
In vain will prove his artless praise
Of Patty of the hill.

Her cheek with rose and lilies vies,
Her breath with sweet woodbine;
Inferior far unto her eyes
The sparkling di'monds shine:
Her voice excells the linnet's notes,
Exceeds the thrush's thrill;
In vain they strive to raise their throats
Like Patty's of the hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind,
The charm I most admire;
In her is ev'ry virtue join'd,
That passion can inspire:
Her soul the graces all refine,
She stoops to reason's will;
I'd Venus,—all the world resign
For Patty of the hill.

SONG 24.

THE SURPRISING MAN.

Tune, A cobbler there was, &c.

THERE once was a man, you may think it uncommon,

But if he said true he was born of a woman ;
And though it's scarce credible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry he call'd for some meat,
And when he cou'd get it you're sure he wou'd eat :
When thirsty he'd drink if you'd give him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

His face was the queereſt that ever was ſeen,
For, if 'twas not waſh'd, it was ſeldom quite clean,
He ſhew'd moſt of his teeth when he laugh'd or
did grin,

For his mouth ſtood juſt croſs 'twixt his noſe and
his chin.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd.

And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
walk'd ;

But his gait was so odd had you seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or other wou'd always be first.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

He seldom or never could see without light,
Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night ;
But he fell fast asleep as he lay in his bed,
Yet has oft been awake in the morning 'tis said.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

When this comical chap had a river to pass,
If he could not get over he staid where he was ;
And tho' he did seldom e'er quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Among other strange things which befel this good
yeoman,

He was married, poor soul !—And his wife was a
woman ;

But, 'tho' she was loving, complacent, and mild,
Yet so hard was his fate he was never with child.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, it is said, he was not very well;
But what was his worst in so weak a condition,
That he could give no fees—so could get no physician.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

What wonder he died!—But, 'tis said, that his death

Was occasioned at last by the want of his breath:
But, peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder;
Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

S O N G 25.

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind;
But, at last, I have got a dear lad to my mind;

Oh! I never can part with my Willy;
We hied to the altar last Midsummer-day;
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say;
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey:

Can I do any less by my Willy?

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air;
His face than the rose is more ruddy, I swear;
And his kisses as sweet—oh! beyond all compare!

There is not such a lad as my Willy.
With him none pretends or to pipe or to play,
But what tender soft things does the shepherd not
say?

With ease, I am sure, he might steal hearts away:
But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down my
head,

How kindly he watch'd me! what tears did he shed!
He ne'er left me a moment 'till sickness was fled:
Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy?

Should Death from my sight tear the shepherd so true,
Let him take, if he chuses, then, me away too;
For why should I tarry, or what could I do,
Should I lose such a lad as my Willy?

S O N G 26.

To the Tune of, ROSLIN-CASTLE.

BY the mountain's side reclining,
Gazing o'er the landscape round;
Flow'ry meads, and verdant valleys,
Which with fertile sweets abound.

Kind indulgent Nature gives us
Sweets like these that ne'er can cloy;
Doubly blest wou'd be our portion,
Cou'd we but these sweets enjoy.

Mark the rustic, gaily whistling,
Follow'd by his faithful dog;
And yon coy and blushing maiden,
With her ribbons just in vogue;
Happier he than courtly nobles,
All in folly's tinsel drest;
Happier she than jewell'd ladies,
With a far more peaceful breast.

Down beside yon bank of roses,
See! the shepherd tunes his reed;
While his bleating lambkins round him
Gaily gambol on the mead.
From the crowded glaring city
Far and distant let me dwell;
All its blazing pomp and grandeur,
Sweets like these can far excell.



SONG 27.

THE THREE NUNS IN THE COWGATE.

THERE's a land in the Cowgate that's kept by
lasses,

It may be weel kent by ilk' ane that passës;
They will rather take fiddlers, pipers, and drums,
Before that they'll stand by the name of *the nuns*.

An auld maid and a hantle o' filler,

An auld maid and a hantle o' filler;

*Gin she hadna' haen that, feent ane wad
gane tull her;*

An auld maid and a hantle o' filler.

The first that gaed aff was mistress Ann,
Who vow'd and declar'd that she'd ha'e a man;
She wad ha'e a man, and she'd tarry nae langer,
For at *the nun's land* she had ta'en a great anger.

An auld maid, &c.

The next that gaed aff was mistress Mary,
Who vow'd and declar'd that she wadd miscarry;
And if she miscarried she was surely undone,
For she mortally hated the name of *a nun*.

An auld maid, &c.

Now good mistress Jean is left all alone
To sigh, and to sob, and make great moan;
Will nae body come and tak' pity on me,
And marry me quickly before that I die.

*Some auld women gang mad for to marry,
Some auld women gang mad for to marry;
At the sight of a man they wou'd jump like
Auld Harry;
Some auld women gang mad for to marry.*

SONG 28.

By Lord LYTTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only wish to see:
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?
Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same?
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains, between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But, if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To *die*, and think you mine.

S O N G 29.

THE ABSENT LOVER.

YE gentle gales that fan the air,
And wanton in the shady grove,
O! whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pain, and endless love.

And, in the sultry heat of day
When she does seek some cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.—

That when she sees their colour fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets untimely gather'd die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious vision show
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I undergo.

SONG 30.

LIZA BAILLIE.

MY bonny Liza Baillie,

I'll row you in my plaidie,
If you will gang alang wi' me
And be a Highland ladie.

If I wad gang-alang wi' you,
They wadna' ca' me wise, Sir;
For I can neither card nor spin,
Nor yet can I speak Erse, Sir.

My bonny Liza Baillie,
Your minny canna want you;
Sae let the trooper gang his lane,
And carry his ain portmanteau.

But she's cast aff her bonny shoon,
 Made o' the Spanish leather,
 And she's put on her Highland progues
 To skip among the heather,

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
 A' wrought wi' goud and sattin,
 And she's put on a tartan plaid,
 To sport among the brachen.

She wadna' hae a Lawland lad,
 Nor be an English ladie;
 But she's awa' wi' Duncan Grahame,
 He's row'd her in his plaidie.

S O N G 31.

DOWN AMANG THE BROOM.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-Water,
 O! braw lads of Galla-Water;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee
 And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the heather,
I'll kilt my coats-aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blert and bleary.

SONG 32.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

NO repose can I discover,
Nor find joy without my lover;
Can I stay when she's not near me;
Cruel Fates! once deign to hear me.

The charms of grandeur don't decoy me,
Fair Eliza must enjoy me;
My crown and sceptre I resign,
The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

SONG 33.

THE MAID THAT'S MADE FOR LOVE AND ME.

O! WOULD'ST thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear;
From each ungentle passion free
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad;
For peace and me can pomp resign
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A gentle train from falsehood free,
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt ! ye light coquets ! retire
Whom glitt'ring fops around admire ;
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see ;
More genuine beauties are made for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss ;
And should she change,—but, can that be ?
No other maid is made for me.

SONG 34.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey ;
In each creature we may see
The effect of love's degree :
 This their state,
 Such their fate ;
Do not, Molly, be too late.

Look around and see them play,
All are wanton while they may ;
Why should precious time be lost,
After Summer comes a frost :

All pursue
Nature's due ;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds in ev'ry meadow lowing,
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing :

Hark ! they coo,
See ! they woo ;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark ! how kind yon swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass,
See ! how earnestly he sues,
While she, blushing, can't refuse :
See ! yon two,
How they woo ;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark ! that cloud above the plain,
See ! it seems to threaten rain ;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the weather :
Fear not you,
I'll be true ;
Let us, therefore, do so too.

S O N G 35.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEECH.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beech came,

Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;

Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,

When Jocky's toft aboon the tyde.

Far aff to distant realms he gangs,

Yet I'll be true as he has been;

And when ilk' lafs about him thrangs,

He'll think on' me, his faithfu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,

Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me;

He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,

And made a brag o' what he'd gi'e.

What tho' my Jocky's far awa',

Toft up and down the awfome main,

I'll keep my heart anither day,

Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie! sing nae mair,

And fairly cast your pipe away;

My Jockey wad be troubl'd fair,

To see his friend his love betray:

For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithfu' flow ;
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales ! round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be ca'm and still ;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in filler shine ;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

SONG 36.

" SWEET ANNIE," translated from the Scots.

SWEET Annie slowly left the shore,
Where Damon climb'd the vessel's side ;
Alas ! my heart knows home no more,
Since Damon's tofs'd along the tide :
Yet shall my heart still faithful prove,
For faithful ever is my swain ;
Absent he thinks on Annie's love,
And foreign beauties charm in vain.

His gold let wealthy Strephon show,
And the smooth arts of flatt'ry try;
And praise the polish of my brow,
Likewise the lustre of mine eye.
What tho' to distant regions born,
My lover rides the awful deep,
I'll wait and hope for his return,
And all my heart for Damon keep.

No more, false Corydon! no more
For Annie frame the luring lay;
Your Damon would be troubled sore,
Did you his confidence betray.
Your luring lays are all in vain,
Your false designs disgrace your art;
But melting sweet is Damon's strain,
His strain bespeaks the faithful heart.

O! smile, ye skies! around my love;
Gently, ye prosp'rous breezes! blow;
Far off, ye savage storms! remove,
Nor cloud my future days with woe.
Full long, alas! will be his stay,
But let me not at Fate repine;
I'll keep my heart, and wait the day
When Damon shall again be mine.

SONG 37.

AH! why must words my flame reveal!

What need my Damon bid me tell

What all my actions prove!

A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,

Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh,

Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain

My eyes, still fix'd on him, remain,

And him alone approve;

The rest, unheeded, dance or play,

From all he steals my praise away;

And can he doubt my love!

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess

The joys which all my soul possess,

And ev'ry care remove;

Still, still too short appears his stay,

The moments fly too swift away;

Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise?

So pleas'd am I with all he says,

I ev'ry word approve;

But is he blaim'd, altho' in jest,

I feel resentment fire my breast,

Alas! because I love.

But, O! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart.

The least desire to rove:

I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain;
For, ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs;

My passion these will prove:
Words oft deceive, and spring from art;
But the true language of my heart,
To Damon must be love.

S O N G 38.

THE TENDER LOVER.

IN vain, you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him o'er;
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from her I love:
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows and cold disdain.

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempest loose;
 That, thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

SONG 39.

DAMON AND FLORELLA.

Damon.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play;
 Nature gayly decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove
 Listen to the voice of love.

Florella.

Damon, thou hast found me long
 Lift'ning to thy soothing tale;
 And thy soft persuasive song
 Often held me in the dale:
 Take, O! Damon, while I live,
 All that virtue ought to give.

Damon,

Not the verdure of the grove,
Nor the gardens' fairest flow'rs,
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hours,
Can delight thy Damon's eye
If Florella is not by.

Florella,

Not the water's gentle fall
By the bank with poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear
If her Damon is not near.

Both.

Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful season gay;
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May;
Like the sparrow and the dove
Listen to the voice of love.



SONG 40.

TO please me the more, and to change the dull
scene,

My swain took me oft to the sports on the green ;
And to every fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd that my heart should grow weary at
home.

To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,
I left my dear cot' and true pleasures behind ;
And oft' as I went saw 'twas follow to roam,
For false all the joys were that grew not at home.

To flirt and be prais'd was to me no delight,
I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight ;
Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there
so long,

I'm blest, as I can be, and sing my glad song ;
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,
Who in roving now flutter your moments away,
Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live all my days, and be happy at home.

S O N G 41.

By Lord LYTTLETON, to his LUCY.

TO him that in an hour must die
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch wou'd give
Another day or year to live,
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

S O N G 42.

ON thy banks, gentle Tay, when I breath'd the
the soft flute,
To my Chloe's sweet accents attention sat mute;

To her voice with what transport I swell'd the flow
 strain,
 Or return'd dying measures in echoes again :
 Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around
 Taught with even divisions to vary the found.

From my Chloe remov'd when I bid it complain,
 And warble smooth numbers to sooth love-sick pain;
 How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes flow,
 And the soft-falling strains how insipidly flow :
 I will play then no more, for it's her voice alone
 Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.

S O N G 43.

GALLANT SAILOR.

GALLANT sailor, oft' you told me
 That you'd never leave your love ;
 To your vows I now must hold you,
 Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded ?
 Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet ?
 Can a sailor live upbraided,
 When the French have dar'd to meet ?

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me,

While your country has a foe,
He is mine too; be not near me,
I may weep, but you must go.

Tho' this flow'ry season woes you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Britain's sons can never fail her,
While her daughters prove so true;
Your soft courage fires each sailor;
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow, ye winds! auspicious blow;
Ev'ry gale shall most delight us
That shall waft us to your foe.

S O N G 44.

WHEN first, by fond Damon, Flavella was seen,
He slightly regarded her air or her mein;
The charms of her mind her alone did commend,
Not warm'd as a lover, but cool as a friend:

From friendship (not passion) his raptures did move,
And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to
love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was
known,

Her face grew a wonder her taste was his own ;
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
And oh ! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her
mind ;

Yet still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
'Till a sigh gave the omen and shew'd it was love.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the
Fair,

Grows dull to all pleasure ; but being with her
He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
For the fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
But wanders a willing example to prove,
“ That friendship with woman is sister to love.”

A lover, thus conquer'd, can ne'er give offence ;
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense :
His passion, nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay ;
And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,
Increasing her reason, increases his love.

SONG 45.

By Lord LYTTLETON.

WHEN Delia on the grove appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears;
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other's wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she's absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before;
The clearest stream or shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

SONG 46.

PHILANDER AND DAPHNE.

Philander.

DEAREST Daphne, turn thine eyes,
Jocund day begins to rise,
See the morn, with roses crown'd,
Sprinkling dew-drops on the ground;
Love invites to yonder grove,
Where only lovers dare to rove:
Let us haste, make no delay,
Cupid's call we must obey.

Daphne.

Ah! Philander, I'm afraid
There, poor Laura, was betray'd
By young Strephon's subtle wiles,
Soothing words, and artful smiles;
Simple maids are soon undone
When once their simple hearts are won:
Press me not, I must away,
And Honour's strict commands obey.

Philander.

Gentle Daphne, fear not you,
I'll be ever kind and true;

Think no more on Laura's fate,
See yon turtle and its mate;
See how freely they impart
The impulse of each others heart:
Like them, my fair, let's sport and play,
Nature prompts us to obey.

Daphne.

Shepherd, I perceive your aim,
You and Strephon are the same;
You, like him, wou'd me betray
Should I trust whate'er you say.

Philander.

If Daphne doubts, let Hymen's bands
This instant join your willing hands.

Daphne.

The invitation I obey,
And love with honour will repay.

S O N G 47.

NATURE'S HOLY-DAY.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on,
The warblers sung in livelier strains,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains;

When Love, that soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd to the nymph, Away,
For this is Nature's holy-day.

The tender-impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant pass'd,
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where beauty slept and silence reign'd;
Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
To new-born pleasure ope' thine eyes;
Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May,
For this is Nature's holy-day.

S O N G 48.

OSCAR'S GHOST.—TUNE, ROSLIN-CASTLE.

O! SEE that form that faintly gleams,
It's Oscar come to cheer my dreams,
On wings of wind he flies away;
O! stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.
'Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line;
And mix thy tears and sighs with mine;
Awake the harp to doleful lays,
And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

SONG 49:

THE LANDSCAPE.—Tune, GILDEROY.

How pleas'd with my native bowers,
E'erwhile I pass'd the day;
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?
How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!
But now, when wry'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.
No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see;
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.



S O N G 50.

LOVE IN D I S G I S E.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be they dwell there still;
 Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill:
 But, fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile or of arts;
 One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
 And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
 Her eyes were as black as a sloe,
 Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
 And sleek was her skin as a doe:
 All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
 No bit of true blue could be spy'd;
 A child wet and cold came and knock'd at the door,
 Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
 The babe she hugg'd close to her breast;
 She chaff'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
 She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest:

But who do you think she had got for her prize?

Why, Love! that sly master of arts;
No sooner he wak'd but he dropt his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but be not afraid,
Though all I make shake at my will;
So good and so kind have you been, my fair maid,
No harm shall you feel from my skill;
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me;
A friend you shall find in me still:
Take my quiver and shoot, and be greater than she,
The Venus of Totterdown hill.

S O N G 51.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose fall,
Melodious birds sing madrigal.

There will I make beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

SONG 52.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

IF that the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reck'ning yields:
A honey tongue, and heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.



SONG 53.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
And, Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And, Here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the last.
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And, likewise, to her that has none, Sir;
And, Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And, Here's to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom as snow,
And, to her that is brown as a berry;
And, Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And, Here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be neat,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
But fill the pint-bumper up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.

Let the toast pass, &c.

SONG 54.

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels! now protect me,
Send, ah! send the youth I love;
Deign, O! Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me to the myrtle-grove:
Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
Say, I love him to despair;
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of night,
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Where he oft has blest my sight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day;
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
Deep in some sequester'd vale;
There, with mournful cadence swelling,
Oft' repeat my love-sick tale:

And, the lark and philomel
Oft' shall hear a virgin tell,
What's the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you!

S O N G 55.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

HOPELESS still, in silent anguish,
Far from her whom I adore;
Must I ever love and languish,
Doom'd to view her face no more!
Must I fly to scenes of woe!
Must I ev'ry bliss forego!
Why should Fate so cruel prove,
Alas! that ever I did love?

Vain my purpose to forget her,
Fancy gives her to my eyes;
See! ten thousand charms beset her;
See! her dear idea rise;
See! fair maid, my dying bloom;
See! a tender youth consume:
Sad, for ever, let me stray,
To mourn and sigh my life away.

Far from human crowds retiring,
 Stranger to the voice of Fame,
 In some lonesome vale expiring,
 Of a constant—hapless flame:
 There, when worthless life is o'er,
 And the cares of love no more,
 Weeping nymphs my grave shall see,
 And passing lovers pity me.

S O N G 56.

COME AWA' WI' ME, JENNY.

O COME awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny;
 Sic frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny.
 If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That aught shall alter me, Jenny;
 For you're the mistress o' my mind,
 Whate'er you think o' me, Jenny.
 First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny;
 But now, alas! you act a part
 That speaks unconstancy, Jenny:

Unconstancy is sic a vice,
'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny;
It suits not wi' your virtue nice
To carry sae to me, Jenny.

SONG 57.

HER ANSWER.

HAD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

O HAD awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald.
Some fickle mistress you may find,
Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald;
To ilka swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald.
But I've a heart that's naething such,
'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald;
I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
I hate all levity, Donald.
Therefore, nae mair, with art, pretend
Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald;
For words of falsehood ill defend
A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald;
Apparent worth and fair renown
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk' virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, Donald;
But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever, had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald:
For I'll reserve mysel' for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald;
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er loo' man, nor thee, Donald.

Donald.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
Has only tald a lie, Jenny;
To try thy truth, and make us sport,
The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny.

Jenny.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
Then come awa' to me, Donald;
I'm weel content, ne'er to repent
That I hae smil'd on thee, Donald.

SONG 58.

To the Tune of, THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

WHAT tho' the meads be deck'd with flow'rs,
What though the daisy paints the green,
Celia no more does charm the hours,
Nor does she grace the sylvan scene.

Though now the linnets chant their song,
And nightingales their tuneful lay;
Sweet emblems of my Celia's tongue!
No more ye please—my Love's away.

I thought this beauteous landscape, gay,
These gilded bow'rs, cou'd charm my view;
I labour'd oft my Love to stay,
And rural pastimes to renew.

O! happy days! when with my Love
I wander'd in the flow'ry vale;
Or when she deign'd to haunt the grove,
And listen to my artless tale.

I've heard her say, "the vale was fair,
"And how the daisy decks the green;"
And to the hill she would repair,
And say, "How beauteous was the scene!"

And can she prize the city's noise,
Fill'd with revel, pride, and strife?
Mayhap she yet will prove the joys
Of a domestic country life.

Mayhap she'll think on these lov'd bow'rs;
Where, wing'd with joy, the minutes fled;
And swift, unnotic'd, pass'd the hours
Beneath the ivy-mantled shade.

SONG 59.

Sung in the Burletta of MIDAS.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish;
At your feet, a tender swain
Prays you will not let him languish;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long needs sue in vain;
Prince of song, of dance, and sports—you
Scarce will meet the like again.

SONG 60.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

LOVELY Damon, when thou'rt near me,
Straight my vital spirits fly !
Nothing but thy smiles can cheer me,
Turn, O! turn thy killing eye :
Hide, O! hide those blooming graces
That thy lovely face adorn :
Who could shun thy sweet embraces
When thou'rt blushing like the morn.

Lovely Damon, do not teize me
With a sight I cannot bear ;
Dearest Damon, if you'd ease me,
Never on the plain appear :
Desist, dear youth, nor strive to gain
A heart, which is not mine to give :
Cease, O! cease to give such pain ;
Shun my sight, and let me live.

SONG 61.

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green,
Come, follow Mab your queen ;

Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For all this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snooring in their nest,
Unheard, and unesp'y'd,
Through key-holes we do glide ;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house is foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep ;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs ;
None us hear, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And surely she is paid ;
Every night before we go
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth is spread ;
A grain of rye, or wheat,
The diet that we eat ;

Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups, fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd,
And brains of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a feast that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
But, if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

O'er tops of dewy grass-
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet, in the morning, may be seen,
Where we the night before have been.



SONG 62.

ANNA.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,

Have you seen my Anna,

Pride of ev'ry shady grove,

Upon the banks of Banna:

I for her my home forsook,

Near yon misty mountain,

Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,

Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,

Until her returning,

All the joys of life are o'er,

From gladness chang'd to mourning:

Whither is my charmer flown?

Shepherds, tell me whither?

Ah! woe for me! perhaps she's gone,

For ever and for ever.

SONG 63.

WHAT woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free;

Yet do what I can,

I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,

Still, still he's the man.

They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear,
When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can
fear?

So, when you have said all you can,
Still,——still he's the man.

I caught him once making love to a maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kiss'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a man?

The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still,——still he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art;
I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man:

So sweet are his kisses his looks are so kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can?
He,———still is the man.



S O N G 64.

MY goddess, Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lily sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
Though sacred light'ning from them flies;
Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival Jove in bliss;
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O! hide thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)
Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress
With beauty's pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou, from the purple flood
Of my kind heart, the vital blood?
Thou art all over endless charms;
O! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG 65.

Tune, Tell me, tell me, charming creature.

CRUEL creature, can you leave me?

Can you then ungrateful prove?

Did you court me to deceive me,

And to slight my constant love?

False ! ungrateful ! thus to woo me,

Thus to make my heart a prize ;

First to ruin and undo me,

Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Shall I send to heav'n my pray'r?

Shall I all my wrongs relate?

Shall I curse the dear betrayer?

No, alas ! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my condition,

Pierce this unrelenting swain ;

Hear a tender maid's petition,

And restore my love again.



S O N G 66.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,

Since how can I speak without pain;

My eyes have oft told you my wishes,

Oh! can't you their meaning explain:

My passion would lose by expression,

And you too might cruelly blame;

Then don't you expect a confession

Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,

Why should you expect it from me?

Our wishes should be in our keeping,

'Till you tell us what they should be:

Then quickly why don't you discover,

Did your heart feel such tortures as mine?

I need not tell over and over,

What I in my bosom confine.

S O N G 67.

HIS ANSWER.

DEAR Madam, when ladies are willing,

A man must needs look like a fool;

For me, I would not give a shilling,

For one that can love out of rule:

At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your meaning,
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain :
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond oglings I see :
The fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

S O N G 68.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

SONG 69.

Tune, Gently touch the warbling lyre.

STREPHON, when you see me fly,

Why should that your fear create?

Maids may be as often shy,

Out of love, as out of hate:

When from you I fly away,

'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of hatred run,

Less would be my pain and care;

But the youth I love, to shun!

Who could such a trial bear?

Who, that such a swain did see,

Who could love, and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go;

Gentle love commands my stay;

Duty's still to love a foe;

Shall I this or that obey?

Duty frowns and Cupid smiles,

That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever, by this chrystal stream,

I could sit and see thee sigh,

Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,

Oh! 'tis worse than death to fly!

But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings instead of feet.

If you love me, Strephon, leave me,

If you stay, I am undone :

Oh! you may with ease deceive me ;

Prithee, charming boy, begone :

The Gods decree that we must part ;

They have my vow, but you my heart.

S O N G 70.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came ;
But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small :
Unusual joy her heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her spinning wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise,
He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride :
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her spinning-wheel.

S O N G 71.

The New SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair,
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air,
In warbling o'er her head :
In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd ;
(Love's impulse all must feel)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with rock and reel,
“ So life by time is spun ;
“ And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
“ The world runs up and down :
“ Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
“ While I no changes feel,
“ But get my bread by sweat of brow,
“ And turn my spinning-wheel.

“ From me let men and women too,
“ This home-spun lesson learn,
“ Not mind what other people do,
“ But eat the bread they earn :
“ If none were fed (were that to be)
“ But what deserv’d a meal,
“ Some ladies then as well as me,
“ Must turn the spinning-wheel.”

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
Thus sung her witless strain,
When o’er the lawn limp’d gammar Joan,
And brought home Nancy’s swain :
“ Come,” cries the dame, “ Nancy here’s thy spouse,
“ Away throw rock and reel :”
Blyth Nancy, with the bonny news,
O’erfret her spinning-wheel.

SONG 72.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE,

Set to Music by Mr. SCHETKY;

And performed in St. CECILIA's Hall.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her Lord :
Sudden she rose, and to the beech she flew,
And saw his vessel lessening to her view ;
She smote her breast, she rav'd and tore her hair,
Then in soft plaints she vented her despair.

Air.—*Ariadne.*

Ah! Theseus, Theseus, stay,
Cease, cease, ye winds to blow,
Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
Nor wast my love away.
Ah! whither wilt thou go?
Could I have serv'd thee so?
Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me, why
You fly? from here who gave thee pow'r to fly?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
And gently thus administer'd relief :

Air.——*Bacchus.*

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear;
Tho' Theseus plow the deep,
You've still a lover here.

I am Bacchus, god of wine,
God of revelry and joy,
If Ariadne will be mine,
Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.

Come, Silenus, fill a cup—
Of my choicest cordial draught;
Fill it, man; why, fill it up,
'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought;
Fill it higher, to the brink,
Come, my lovely mourner, drink.

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd;
The potent draught with more than magic art,
Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart.

Duetto.——*Bacchus.*

Come, Ariadne, come and see,
What pleasures are in store for thee;
The flowers in all their sweets appear,
The fields their gayest liveries wear.

Ariadne.

O! jolly god, I come and see,
What pleasures are in store for me;
The flowers in all their sweets appear,
The fields their gayest liveries wear.

Bacchus.

The joyful birds in ev'ry grove,
Now warble out their songs of love;
For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
And Bacchus thee invites to come,

Ariadne.

I hear the warbling songs of love,
From joyful birds in ev'ry grove;
For me they sing, and roses bloom,
When Bacchus me invites to come.

B. Come, tender maid, and Bacchus join,

A. The jolly god, I willing join.

B. My sweetest grapes and all is thine.

A. His sweetest grapes and all be mine.

B. { If wine and Ariadne's here,
'Tis May and pleasure all the year.
A. { If Bacchus, love and wine are here,
'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

CHORUS.

Let all, let all be gay,
And join in sportive play;
Let mirth, let mirth and joy,
Each happy hour employ.

Duetto.—*Bacchus.*

O! the raptures of possessing,
Melting into beauty's arms.

Ariadne.

O! the joy, the lasting blessing,
Which from honour takes its charms.

Bacchus.

Love's soft flame shall gently warm thee.

Ariadne.

Love and honour both shall charm thee.

Both.

O! the raptures of possessing,
Melting into beauty's arms;
O! the joy, the lasting blessing,
Which from honour takes its charms.

CHORUS.

Let all, let all be gay,
And join in sportive play;
Let mirth, let mirth and joy
Each happy happy hour employ.

SONG 73.

THE GUN-POWDER PLOT.

SOME twelve-months ago,
An hundred or so,
The Pope went to visit the Devil;
And, as you will find,
Old Nick, to a friend,
Can behave himself wondrous civil,

Quoth the De'il to the Seer,
What the De'il brought you here?
It was surely some whimsical maggot:
Come, draw to the fire;
Nay, prithee, sit nigher:
Here, firrah! lay on t'other faggot.

You're welcome to Hell;
I hope friends are well,
At Paris, Madrid, and at Rome:
And, now you elope,
I suppose, my dear Pope,
The conclave will hang out the broom.

Then his Holiness cry'd,
All jesting aside,

“ Give the Pope and the Devil their dues ;”

For, believe me, Old Dad,

I’ll make thy heart glad,

For, by Jove, I do bring thee rare news,

There’s a plot to beguile

An obstinate isle ;

Great Britain, that heretic nation,

Who so shyly behaved,

In the hopes of being saved

By the help of a d—d Reformation,

We’ll never have done,

If we burn one by one,

’Tis such a d—d numerous race!

For no sooner one’s dead,

Like the fam’d Hydra’s head,

Than a dozen spring up in his place,

But, believe me, Old Nick,

We’ll play them a trick,

The like was ne’er hatched in France ;

For this day before dinner,

As sure’s I’m a finner,

We’ll burn all the rascals at once.

When the king with his son

To the parliament’s gone,

To consult about old musty papers,
We'll give them a greeting,
Shall break up their meeting,
And try who can cut the best capers.

There's powder enough,
And combustible stuff,
In fifty and odd trusty barrels,
Which will blow all together.
The Devil cares whither,
And decide at one blow all our quarrels.

But this was scarce said,
When in popp'd the head
Of an old Jesuitical Wight,
Who cry'd, You're mistaken,
They've all sav'd their bacon,
And Jemmy still stinks with the fright.

Then Satan was struck,
And said 'tis bad luck,
But you for your news shall be thanked :
So he call'd to the door
Seven devils or more,
And they tofs'd the poor dog in a blanket.



SONG 74.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,
And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be gen'rous, dauntless and gay,
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

SONG 75.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,—*The hounds, &c.*
The huntsman winds his horn.

*And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
A hunting we will go,—o-oho,
And a hunting we will go,*

The wife around her husband throws

Her arms, to make him stay ;

My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,—*My dear, &c.*

You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,

Their steeds they soundly switch ;

Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,—*Some, &c.*

And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,

Poor reynard ceases flight ;

Then weary homeward we return,—*Then weary, &c.*

And drink away the night.

And a drinking, &c.

S O N G 76.

Adapted to the times.—Tune of the foregoing.

BEHOLD upon the swelling wave,

With streaming pendants gay,

Our gallant ships invite the waves,—*Our gallant, &c.*

While glory leads the way.

And a cruising we will go,—oho, oho, oho,

And a cruising we will go,—oho, oho, oho,

A cruising we will go,—o oho,

And a cruising we will go.

Ye beauteous maids, your smiles bestow,
 For if you prove unkind,
 How can we hope to beat the foe; — *How can, &c.*
 We leave our hearts behind.

When a cruising, &c.

See Hardy's flag once more displayed;
 Upon the deck he stands;
 Old England's glory ne'er can fade, — *Old, &c.*
 Or tarnish in his hands.

So a cruising, &c.

Be England to herself but true,
 To France defiance hurl'd;
 Give peace, America, with you, — *Give peace, &c.*
 And war with all the world.

And a cruising, &c.

S O N G 77.

THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r
 To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r,
 Though sports on each plain the young shepherds
 prepare,
 To me they're unpleasing if Jocky's not there.
Though sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors spread wide o'er the scene,
And nought but its gloom on each object be seen,
To me e'en a desert seems lovely and fair,
If fortune decrees that my Jocky is there.

Though sports, &c.

S O N G 78.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
Who roams o'er the watery main !
No treasure he ever amasses,
But chearfully spends all his gain.
We're strangers to party and faction,
To honour and honesty true,
And would not commit a base action,
For power or profit in view.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys ?*

*A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
Goes thorough the world, brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,
Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
The toiler with plenty rewarding ;
Which plenty too often breeds strife.

When terrible tempests assail us.

And mountainous bellows affright,

No grandeur or wealth can avail us,

But skilful industry steers right.

Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,

Who rules at the helm of the state,

Than we, that, to politicks strangers,

Escape the snares laid for the great.

The various blessings of nature,

In various nations we try,

No mortals than us can be greater,

Who merrily live till we die.

Then why should, &c.

S O N G 79.

YE nymphs, 'tis true to Colin's strain

I've often listen'd in the grove,

And can ye blame me that a swain

Like Colin should engage my love?

Alas, could I my heart secure,

Unless to worth and merit blind,

Ah, say, cou'd you yourselves endure

To slight a swain so true and kind?

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the shepherds sigh,
Love o'er discretion will prevail,
To shun its power in vain we try.

S O N G 80.

THE BEER-DRINKING BRITONS.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by Dr. ARNE.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
Who always beat France when they took her in
hand,

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me;
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

*Let us sing our own treasures, old England's
good cheer,*

*The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
Your wine-tippling, dram-sipping fellows
retreat,*

*But your beer-drinking Britons can never be
beat.*

But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
pale,

They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd
fruit ;

But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus arm'd with
our poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-
jaws ring ;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
souls,

Who will shed their last drop for their Country
and King,

Let us sing, &c.

S O N G 81.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

YOUNG I am, and fore afraid :

Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid ?

Lead an innocent astray ?

Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;
And shou'd you my faith deceive,
Ruin first, and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

SONG 82.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?

Must I die for ev'ry feature?

Must I always love in vain?

The desire of admiration,

Is the pleasure you pursue:

Prithee, try a lasting passion,

Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,

For a lover ought to dare:

When I plainly told I lov'd you,

Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy ways befeeming?

Will my dear be fickle still?

Conquest is the joy of women,

Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torments fill me,
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.
 If your wand'ring heart is beating
 For new lovers, let it be;
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a day, and fix on me.

S O N G 83.

SAY, lovely peace, that grac'd our isle,
 Why you withdraw th' indulgent smile?
 Is it, you fly the sons of fame,
 That they the pride of France may tame?
*For Mars is rous'd to war's alarms,
 And calls the Britons forth to arms.*

Our chiefs, renown'd upon the main,
 Once more in arms shine forth again,
 Whose steady courage dares oppose
 And stem the pow'r of Gallic foes:

For Mars, &c.

What state but does its fate deplore,
 Where'er the British thunders rore?

All, all must in subjection bow ?
And to Britannia's sons 'tis due :

For Mars, &c.

As Rome of old her terrors hurl'd,
And prov'd the mistress of the world,
The globe itself must subject be
To Albion's sons, who rule the sea :

For Mars, &c.

Arise, arise to war's great call ;
Prepare to meet th' audacious Gaul ;
And in return for all your toils,
Return with victory and spoils :

For Mars, &c.

S O N G 84.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

How happy were my days till now !

I ne'er did sorrow feel ;

With joy I rose to milk my cow,

Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,

Like any bird I sung,

'Till he pretended love, and I

Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool, the filly, filly fool,
That trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

S O N G 85.

Upon a Candle ; by two Gentlemen.

Tune, The Lads of Patie's Mill.

First Gentleman.

IN vain my taper burns,
And lends its feeble ray ;
Until my Fair returns,
How tedious is delay ?
When Stella is away,
The sun's no longer bright ;
Her presence brings the day,
Her absence leaves the night.

Second Gentleman.

When Phœbus' beams are gone,
And Cynthia's face we view ;
Each mortal eye would mourn,
Were't not for help from you:

For, aided by the glance,
I Mira's charms still find ;
But wish thee kick'd to France,
Whene'er the fair seems kind.

S O N G 86.

THE PERFECTIONS OF TRUE LOVE.

Tune, Alla House.

THERE liv'd, long ago, in a country place,
A clever young lad who lov'd a young lass ;
She lov'd him again, and, oh ! wonder to hear,
No offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear :
The lord of the manor took it in his head,
To tempt her to leave him, and come to his bed ;
He offer'd her jewels, and baubles, and rings ;
But she slighted his offers, refus'd his gay things.

He told her, he'd make her as fine as a queen,
Her gown should be silk, and her cap colberteen ;
But she said, Linsey-woolfey and bone-lace wou'd
serve,

And rather than please him she'd venture to starve,
He told her, he'd give her a pad to ride out,
Or a coach, if she lik'd it, to travel about ;

She thank'd him, but said, she cou'd very well walk
And shou'd she have a coach, how the neighbours
wou'd talk.

He said, For the neighbours, he'd make it his care,
That not even the parson on Sundays should dare
To censure her conduct, or offer to blame
Her manner of living, or blast her good name.
She told him, In short, he must e'en be content,
For jewels or gold shou'd ne'er bribe her consent;
Her heart was another's, and so shou'd remain,
And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of gain.

S O N G 87.

Sung in THE MAID OF THE MILL.

ODDS my life! search England over,
If you match her in her station,
I'll be bound to fly the nation;
And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating:
Here's the work 'tis always at,
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.

When she makes the music tinkle.

What on earth can sweeter be !

Then her little eyes so twinkle,

'Tis a feast to hear and see.

S O N G 88.

J E M M Y A N D N A N N Y.

Set by Dr. ARNE, and sung at Marybone Gardens.

W H E N innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,

Upon a green meadow or under a tree,

E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,

How lovely and loving and bonny was she :

Rouze up in the morning my beautiful Nanny,

Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,

Oh ! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,

Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,

Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon the.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,

Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be,

Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears from those
een,

That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me :

Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me;
Oh! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think my dear charmer on ev'ry sweet hour,
That slide away softly between thee and me,
E'er squirrels and baux and their fopp'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love and impose upon thee:
Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy desires be all center'd in me,
Oh! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,
Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

S O N G 89.

To the Tune of BESSEY BELL.

COME let us study night and day,
To fit us for our station,
That when we're men we parts may play
Are useful to our nation.

For now's the time, when we are young,
To fix our views on merit ;
Water its buds, and make the tongue
And action suit the spirit.

This all the fair and wise approve,
We know it by your smiling ;
And while we gain respect and love,
Our studies are not toiling :
Such application gives delight,
And in the end proves gainful ;
Tho' many a dark and lifeless wight
May think it hard and painful.

Then never let us think our time
And care, when thus employed,
Are thrown away, but deem't a crime,
When youth's by sloth destroyed ;
'Tis only active souls can rise
To fame and all that's splendid,
And favour, in these conqu'ring eyes,
'Gainst whom no heart's defended.



SONG 90.

Tune, THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

POOR Strephon distracted 'twixt hope and despair
For Chloris, so lovely, so youthful and fair ;
He kiss'd and embrac'd her, and often did say,
My dearest sweet Chloris, pray here with me stay.

In haste she reply'd, my dear Strephon, be gone,
For if we're espied, I am quite undone ;
For my parents forbid all my passion for you,
So generous Strephon for ever adieu.

Our parents may couple, but they can't make love,
My passion is stronger, it springs from above ;
For tho' I had lov'd you at my parents desire,
It neither had added nor ta'en from the fire.

You love me ; I fly you, though I love you as much,
But dare not avow it, my fate it is such ;
But I'll live a platonic as chaste as desire,
And Chloris' affection shall never expire.

I am quite transported to think that you love,
But the living without you these comforts remove ;
For I'm no Platonic, I soar not so high,
I grasp at the substance, must have it or die.

SONG 91.

IN PRAISE OF THE TOWN OF HADDINGTON.

By a young Gentleman.

O WORTHY HADDINGTON! unrivall'd town,
For honour in an age corrupted shown;
While o'er fair CALEDONIA's fruitful soil
Each Royal Borough falls a venal spoil,
While ev'n EDINA's once unblemish'd breast
Is by the violating monster prest;
Do thou untouch'd, and self defended stand
A beauteous pattern to a purchas'd land.

Tho' malice may thy conduct now defame,
And slaves of power thy honest zeal may blame;
Fear not the justice of thy cause should fail,
For everlasting truth will still prevail:
The time shall come, Oh! may it soon arrive,
That to thy choice shall lasting praises give;
That shall repay in equitable coin
The wrongs of GLASGOW's Magistrates and thine.

Still may you flourish, HADDINGTON, and thrive,
And all thy honest Sons in plenty live;
May wealth within thy walls for ever wait,
May peace and freedom guard your friendly gate:

Long may true patriots rule your happy gown,
Long keep your chastity of fair renown,
Long boast the prize of faith and virtue won,
And give a title to a *HAMILTON*.

SONG 92.

Tune, GILDEROY.

LONG, long I scorn'd love's mighty sway,
And smil'd at Cupid's pow'r;
Unmov'd, insensible, and gay,
Indiff'rent and secure.

The God, to punish my disdain,
Prepar'd th' acutest dart;
Pointed with rage, and wing'd with pain,
It reach'd my destin'd heart.

From Peggy's bright resistless eyes
I caught the subtle fire;
My passion gather'd new supplies,
And rose to pure desire.

But she, alas! (like me before)
Is deaf while I complain;
And ev'ry favour I implore,
Meets nought but cold disdain.

SONG 93.

THE WANDERER, by Mr. RAE.

Tune, The maid that's made for love and me.

O GENTLE shepherds, saw ye pass,
As tripping o'er the flow'ry grass,
A beauteous maid as fair as snow,
As nimble as the winds that blow.

Whose looks are sweet, and gay her mein,
All graceful as the Cyprian queen,
Black as the sloes her sparkling eyes,
Where little Cupid basking lyes.

Whose sprightly wit's beyond compare
Her graceful turns of thought declare;
Whose face and breast still more combine,
To tell mankind that she's divine.

The t'other morn the rogue surpris'd
My heart, of danger unadvis'd;
Now, conscious of my fate, she roves
In quest of other sportive loves.

In vain, ye swains, shall I pursue
The fair, if uninform'd by you;
Then ye, whose breasts compassion move,
O! tell me where to find my love.

And ye, bright Nymphs, too, lend your aid
To punish an inconstant maid ;
Ah ! seize the little wand'ring toy,
The source of envy, source of joy.

S O N G 94.

I'M NOT IN THE MIND.

YOUNG Strephon address'd me politely one day,
And warmly desir'd I'd be kind,
I fillily blush'd, and had nothing to say,
But Sir, I'm not in the mind.

Well not quite discourag'd, he rally'd once more,
And hop'd better usage to find :
He vow'd he'd be constant, and sigh, and adore,
But then, I was not in the mind.

The man having courage assaulted again,
And beg'd I'd be better inclin'd ;
I wonder, says I, at those impudent men,
I tell you, I'm not in the mind.

There's fate in old numbers, as gipsies report,
By fatal experience I find :
The youth went to seek him a mistress at court,
And soon found a girl in the mind.

How can I recall him, alas ! 'tis in vain,
To ev'ry kind look he'll be blind ;
Ye virgins, be wise, nor when too late complain,
But take the good man in the mind.

S O N G 95.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

Tune, The Glancing of her Apron.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang simmer-day,
'Till we, amait, were spoil'd
At making of the hay :
Her curchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow,
I whisper'd something in her ear ;
But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
As tight as ony silk :
O sic a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk :
Her hair was black as ane cou'd with,
And sweet, sweet was her mou' :
Oh! Jeany daintily can kiss ;
But what's that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae benison like mine,
I have amaist nae care ;
Only I fear my Jeany's face,
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, Alas !
But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
 And mony a concubine;
 But I enjoy a blifs mair true,
 His joys were short of mine;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due;
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

SONG 96.

THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben
 To find their mam a snishing*.

The auld wife ayont the fire,

The auld wife aniest the fire,

The auld wife aboon the fire,

She died for lack of snishing.

* Snishing, in its literal meaning, is' snuff made of tobacco;
 but in this Song it means sometimes, contentment, a husband,
 love, money, &c.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
Whatrecks, quo' she, let it be gawn,
For I maun hae a young goodman
Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Her eldest doechter said right bauld,
Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
And if you with a yonker wald,
He'll waste away your snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
O mother dear! your teeth's a' out,
Besides, ha'f blind, ye hae the gout,
Your mill can had nae snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye lie, ye limmers, cries auld mump,
For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
And will nae langer live in dump,
By wanting of my snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
Mother, if you can crack a nut,
Then we will a' consent to it,
That you shall have a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
And they a pistol-bullet gat;
She powerfully began to crack,
To won herself a snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't,
While frae her jaws the slaver flow'd,
And ay she curst poor stumpy.

The auld wife, &c.

At last she gae a desperate squeez,
Which brak' the lang tooth by the neez;
And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
But she tint hopes of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

She of the task began to tire,
And frae her dochters did retire,
Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

Ye auld wives, notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing:

*Else, like this wife ayont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire;
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.*

S O N G 97.

Composed by a Gentleman of Greenwich.

WHAT tho' they call me country 'squire,
I think I'm fit for something higher;
A statesman's post I much admire;

O! could I see the day:

If Fortune would attend my call,
At court, at parliament, or hall,
I'd sharp the bravest of them all,

With a stand by—clear the way.

Surrounded by some cringing bands,
That wait for favours at my hands,
I'd promise what I never intend,

O! could I see the day:

I'd play so fine before my king,
I'd bring him into any thing:
And then, O! how I'll take my fling,

With a stand by—clear the way.

Then for liveries lac'd with gold,
And purses full of cash untold,
I'd ride o'er Debonaires so bold,

O! could I see the day:

Thus ever easy, ever gay,
New schemes shall pass the night away,
And interest crown the growing day,
With a stand by—clear the way.

SONG 98.

THE BLISSFUL LOVER.

Tune, The Spinning-Wheel.

OH! frown no more on me, my dear,
Nor let your looks be so severe;
But one kind glance on me bestow,
Or send me to the shades below.
By Heaven! my heart is all your own;
O! slight me not, nor let me moan;
But turn once more, my dear, be kind,
And let me your affections bind.

Ye Gods! how happy now am I,
That have such sweetness in my eye?
At last with smiles you've met my fears,
And now at length my spirit cheers.

No mortal fure was e'er so blefs'd,
O! let me now my dear carefs;
Those charming eyes doth me delight,
And breasts, no driven snow so white.

Nature in you hath lavish been,
To exceed all I e'er have seen:
O! let me clasp thy slender waist,
And now, my dear, one kind embrace:
My trembling hands, my pulse beats high,
I'm sure the happy minute's nigh;
O! hide thy blushes in my breast,
Prepare, my dear, to meet the rest.

His soothing tongue so charm'd the maid,
That she gave ear to all he said:
He kiss'd, and press'd, and she carefs'd,
And now she thought securely blefs'd:
But after all the pleasing toy,
That human person could enjoy,
He left the girl to moan her fate,
And she repents, when 'tis too late.



SONG 99.

ALL I ASK OF MORTAL MAN.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewell, Lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have their charms while mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease;
Jealous fears me ne'er molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.
 Break my rest, break my rest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain !

All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can,
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

SONG 100.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and
rejoice,
With claret, canary, theorbo and voice;
The changeable world to our joys are unjust,
And all pleasure's ended when we are in dust.
In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,
For we shall be past it an hundred years hence.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,
The mouse-trap of honour, and May-game of fate;
For all his ambition, his freaks and his tricks,
He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx:
His plot against death's but a slender pretence;
Who'll take his place from him an hundred years
hence?

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as she treads on the
ground;

Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her;
Altho' she is pleasant, and sweet to the sense,
She'll be d—ble mouldy an hundred years
hence.

The right-hearted soldier, who's a stranger to
fear,
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near;
He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
And certainly thinks it will ever remain;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flourish his standard an hundred years hence.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,
He buzzes and bustles like a bee in the spring,
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring;
Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with
pence,
He'll ne'er reach the market an hundred years
hence.

The rich bawling lawyer, who by fools wrang-
ling strife,
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life;

A suit which the client does wear out in slav'ry,
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his
knave'ry;

Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his sense.
He'll be *non est inventus* an hundred years hence.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge;
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piss-pot, and ruins of health:
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispence,
He'll be turn'd into mummy an hundred years hence.

The meagre-chop'd us'rer, who on hundreds gets
twenty,
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty,
Lays up for a season he never will see,
The year of one thousand nine hundred and three:
He must change all his houses, his lands and his rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin an hundred years hence.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions;
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour;
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,
Knows not what will come of him an hundred
years hence.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
Must to the capricio of fortune submit,
Which will make a fool of him, in spite of his wit;
Thus health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning
and sense,
Must all come to nothing an hundred years hence.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in
fears,
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears?
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,
And drive away sorrow, while vigour is lasting,
We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from
thence
Have brats to succeed us an hundred years hence.

The true-hearted mason, who acts on the square,
And lives within compass, by rules that are fair;
Whilst honour, and conscience, approve all his
deeds,
As virtue and prudence directs, he proceeds,
With friendship and love, discretion and sense,
Leaves a pattern for brothers, an hundred years
hence.

SONG 101.

SCORNFU' NANSY.

NANSY's to the green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring :
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him ;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty ?
With croudy mowdy they fed me.
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty :
With banpocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped stocks fu' butter'd well ;
And was not that right dainty ?

Although my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' house and a pantry :

A good blew bonnet on his head,
An ourlay 'bout his craggy ;
And ay until the day he dy'd,
He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy ?
Wad ye compare yourfell to me,
A docken tull a tanfy ?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him souple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din,
Do I not ken this Sandy ?
I'm sure the chief of a' his kin,
Was Rob the beggar randy :
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy ;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me, your winsome Willy ?

My gutcher leav'd a good braid sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty :

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
I ken he disna fear ye :
Sae had your tongue and say nae mair,
Set some where else your fancy ;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nanfy.

SONG 102.

SLIGHTED NANSY.

Tune, The kirk wad let me be.

'TIS I have seven braw new gowns
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet for a my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides, I have seven milk-ky,
And Sandy he has but three ;
And yet for a' my good ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dikes,
 My mither can card and can spin,
 And I am a fine fodge lass,
 And the filler comes linkin in,
 The filler comes linkin in,
 And it is fu' fair to see,
 And fifty times wow! O wow!
 What ails the lads at me?

Whenever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the door I rin,
 To see gin ony young spark
 Will light and venture but in;
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin;
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first pray'rs,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad,
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear,
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O ! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O ! and what'll come o' me !
 And O ! and what'll I do ?
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

S O N G 103.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove;
 Doubts, and fears, and sighs, and anguish,
 Are the chains that fasten love.

Jocky woo'd, and I consented;
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale;
 He, with conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.

Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
 Who rejects him with disdain;
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,
 Never pleas'd without some pain.

Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

S O N G 104.

He.

OF all comforts I miscarried,
When I play'd the sot and married;
'Tis a trap, there's none need doubt on't,
Those that are in wou'd fain get out on't.

She.

Fie! my dear, pray come to bed,
That napkin take and bind your head,
Too much drink your brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lye down,
For, as soon as the cock crows, I'll be gone.

She.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a wife to lye alone?

He.

From your arms myself divorcing,
I this morn must ride a-courting;
A sport that far excels a madam,
Or all the wives have been since Adam.

She.

I, when thus I've lost my due,
Must hug my pillow wanting you;
And whilst you tope it all the day,
Regale in cups of harmless tea.

He.

Pox, what care I! drink your fops 'till you die;
Yonder's brandy will keep me a month from home.

She.

If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my dear, pray come.

He.

Ere I be from rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my spouse and kindred;
To be sober I've no leisure,
What's a man without his pleasure!

She.

To my grief then I must see
Strong wine and Nantz my rivals be;
Whilst you carouse it with your blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my maids.

He.

'Zounds! you may go to your gossips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a friend, pray do.

She.

Go, ye joker, go, provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a man like you.

S O N G 105.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast;
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed,)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head:
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers found.

S O N G 106.

In Imitation of the foregoing.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dreeping-pan a toast;
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser, see, it lyes:

Oh! the charming white and red.

Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,

On the sweetest grass it fed:

Swiftly make the jack go round,

Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,

Let the knives be sharp and clean:

Pickles get of every sort,

And a salad crisp and green;

Then with small beer and sparkling wine,

O! ye gods! how I shall dine.

S O N G 107.

HODGE of the Mill and buxom NELL,

YOUNG Roger of the mill,

One morning very soon,

Put on his best apparel,

New hose and clouted shoon:

And he a-wooing came

To bonny buxom Nell,

Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me!

I like thee wondrous well.

My horses I have dress'd,
And gi'en them corn and hay,
Put on my best apparel;
And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny Nell:
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I'd like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
The damsel then reply'd,
I'm not in such a haste
To be a ploughman's bride;
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's son:
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go,
Sweet mistress I have done.

Your horses you have dress'd,
Good Hodge, I heard you say;
Put on your best apparel,
And being come this way,
Come sit and chat a while.
"O! no indeed, not I,
"I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
"I've other fish to fry."

Go take your farmer's son,
With all my honest heart:
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plough and cart?
I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife:
There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.

Pray, what of buxom Joan?
Can't I please you as well?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxom Nell;
And I have fifty shillings.
(The money made him smile.)
Oh! then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half-an-hour
This couple a bargain struck;
Hoping that with their money
They both wou'd have good luck.
To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock-bands,
Then who but you and I?

SONG 108.

HE'S AYE A KISSING ME.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna hae the dominee, for good he canna' be;
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,
For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me,
He's aye a-kissing, -kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for a' his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wylie crooks;
I winna hae the ploughman-lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, without ae penny filler,
 For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the sodger lad, for he gangs to the
 war,
I winna hae the failor-lad, because he smells o' tar;
I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their mickle
 gear,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
 mier,
 For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

S O N G 109.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'T WAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair;
Young Jockey, early in the morn
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the Fair;

For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear;
He tapt the window, Haste, my dear;
Jenny impatient cried, Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the Fair;

Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep
Which I have heard you swear;
And will you ever constant prove;
I will by all the Powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel those doubts, and haste my love
With Jockey to the Fair;

Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride;
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there:
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true;
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,
With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the Fair;

With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions blyth and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng,
To hail the happy pair;

In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the Fair ;

When lovely Jenny, &c.

S O N G 110.

Tune, The Spinning-Wheel.

ATTEND, ye swains, where'er ye shove,
And hear the thirling notes of love ;
Nor chide the passion while it stands
On her that ev'ry grace commands.

Not the embellishments of May
Look half so pleasant or so gay ;
Yea ev'ry rose must yield its hue,
And lilies fade beneath the dew.

Wit flows from her engaging tongue,
Serene as age, and quick as young ;
Engaging nymph seems form'd to prove
Superior arts in raging love.

Let every joy that strikes the mind,
Secure to me this treasure bind;
On us let Heav'n its blessings roll,
Nor sep'rate Annie from my soul.

S O N G I I I .

Tune, ROSLIN-CASTLE.

CELIA! See the season smiling,
See what splendor decks the green;
Ev'ry flow'r, in beauty blooming,
Tends to grace the rural scene.
See! in yonder verdant valley,
How the lambkins heedless stray;
Blythsome now they rove at freedom,
Frisk and frolic all the day.

View around the chearful village;
See! how smiles the jocund swain;
Happy he! no cares perplex him,
Gentle Flora soothes each pain.
Let us haste to yonder arbour,
Where the fairest flow'rets spring;
There, we'll hear the blackbird chanting,
And the linnet sweetly sing.

SONG 112.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee :
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush;
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon yon mountain :
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

SONG 113.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
Her eye-lids clos'd with sleep;
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful step h' approach'd the fair,
To view her charming face,
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous pain,
He wish'd the nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

While slumb'ring thus poor Celia lay,
Soft wishes fill'd her mind;
She cry'd, Come Thyrsis, come away,
For now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
And flew into her arms;
He took her in the yielding fit,
And kiss'd all her charms.

S O N G 114.

COME to my arms, my treasure,
Thou spring of all my joy,
Without thy aid all pleasure
Must languish, fade, and die.

In vain is all resistance,
 When arm'd with thy assistance,
 What fair one can deny?
 Then fill around the glasses,
 And thus we'll drink and chant,
 May all the dear kind lasses
 Have all they wish or want.

SONG 115.

ON THE POPISH BILL.

Tune, *Lilibulero*.

O BROTHER MASONS hear ye the news,
Lilibulero Bullen a La,
 The Papists are swallowing Protestant vows,
Lilibulero Bullen a La.
Huzza, hazza, brave boys, huzza,
Let's join heart and hand in a true British cause,
Court, Country, and City,
Are moved with pity
To repeal all our bloody old Protestant laws.

They stoutly abjure both the Pope and Pretender,
Lilibulero, &c.

And swear firm allegiance to our FAITH'S DE-
FENDER,

Lilibulero, &c.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

And, in spite of what even his Holiness saith,
They swear that with *heretics* they will *keep faith*.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

How can we refuse then to them to be civil?

On the strength of *such oaths* you might credit the
devil.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

A *Protestant priest* too the *bill* doth advance,
'Tis suppos'd he shall next import freedom from
France.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

If all this surprise you there's news stranger yet,
They're to bring *foreign money* to pay British debt.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

They'll pay in such *coin* as they best can afford,
Racks, halters, and gibbets; fire, faggot, and sword.

Huzza, huzza, &c.

And sure this is *paying* you in the *best* ore,
For who once is *thus* paid will never *need* more.

*Unite then, unite, brave boys unite,
And join heart and hand in supporting your
laws :
Let no foolish pity
Move Country or City
To ruin themselves and the Protestant cause.*

SONG 116.

Sung in the PADLOCK.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would thou wing
Your airy flight;
Stay here, and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with me?

SONG 117.

On the brave Commodore LOCKHART ROSS.

YE fons of old ocean, who're strangers to fear,
On board of the *Shrewsbury* quickly repair;
Brave *Lockhart* commands her, rejoice ev'ry tar!
For *Lockhart* commanded the *Tartar* last war.

*Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.*

His conduct and valour we all must confess,
And *Britons* exult in the hopes of success;
The insign of *Louis* great *Lockhart* shall mar,
For *Lockhart*, we know, was a *Tartar* last war.

Heart of oak, &c.

May kindness and friendship each bosom refine,
Nor civil dissension defeat our design;
The dread name of * *Drake* makes the *French*
quake with fear.
Join'd with *Lockhart*, who fought in the *Tartar*
last war.

Heart of oak, &c.

* Capt. *Drake*, the second in command.

Steel your breasts with revenge ere the battle's
begun,

We'll trim the sloop meagre's, tho' fifteen to one;
Then shall their *Carnatics*, rich fraught from afar,
Each hero rewarded for the toils of the war.

Heart of oak, &c.

Haste, haste, all on board, see the wind now is fair,
Hoist the flag of *Britannia* aloft in the air;
May the spirit of *Lockhart* inspire ev'ry tar,
Great *Lockhart* who fought in the *Tartar* last war.

Heart of oak, &c.

SONG 118.

Sung in HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
men;*

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us, but they wish us away :
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more ?

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
them sweat,
In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette :
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G 119.

Tune, Young I am, and fore afraid.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield :
How to keep, or how to gain ;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true ;
Ere I do my foul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not 'till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray :
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

S O N G 120.

SEE! the conquering hero comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
Sports prepare, the laurel bring ;
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance ;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

S O N G 121.

THE FRUGAL MAID.

I AM a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind;
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind:
For, altho' I be forsaken,
Yet, this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

I own that once I lov'd him,
But his scorn I cou'd never endure;
Nor yet to that height of perfection,
For his slights to love him the more:
I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclin'd,
Mens minds they are subject to changing,
And wavering like to the wind ;

Each object creates a new fancy:
Then this I would have you to do;
Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,
And keep two or three strings to your bow.

SONG 122.

THE MERRY BACCHANALIANS.

Tune, The merry-ton'd horn.

JOLLY souls that are gen'rous and free,
And true vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
To great Bacchus' Shrine let's repair,
And a bottle or two offer there.

*Exempt from excise, our joys higher rise,
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our bottle at night gives us joy and delight,
And drowns all the drowsy fatigues of the day.*

Let the griping old usurer pine,
Let the lover call Phillis divine,
Let each man what he fancies commend,
My delight's in my bottle and friend.

Exempt from, &c.

O what joy from the bottle there springs,
It can make us greater than kings;
If our spirits by grief are oppress'd,
Wine alone can procure us some rest.

Exempt from, &c.

Great influence has wine over love,
And the coy can make kinder to prove;
Tho' the nymph very slighting denies,
It discovers the truth in her eyes.

Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all heroes in brief,
And the wretched forget all his grief;
It inspires the gallant and brave,
And freedom can give to the slave.

Exempt from, &c.

S O N G 123.

THE SOBER DRINKER.

Tune, *Old Sir Simon the King.*

COME, come, my hearts so bold,
Let us be merry and wise;
'Tis a very good proverb of old,
Suspicion has double eyes.

Whatever we say or do

Let's not drink to disturb the brain ;

Let's laugh for an hour or two,

But never get drunk again :

*For much drink makes a man drunk,
And drunkenness makes a man dry,
And drouth will make a man sick,
And sickness you know makes us die.*

A glass of rum-punch is good

To drive the cold winter away ;

'Twill cheer and enliven the blood

Most when a man's spirits decay :

But, he that drinks too much,

Of his head will soon complain ;

So we'll have a gentle touch,

And never get drunk again :

For much drink, &c.

Good liquor was made for man,

But man was not made for it ;

Let's drink as long as we can,

While we drink not away our wit :

Good fellowship's often abus'd

When liquor affects the brain,

But we'll have it far better us'd,

For we'll never get drunk again :

For much drink, &c.

When with good fellows we meet,
A bowl among three or four
Will make us stand on our feet,
While sots lye drunk on the floor:
Then landlord come fill us a bowl,
And let it be liquor that's fine;
'Twill chear and enliven the soul,
And we'll never get drunk again.

For much drink, &c.

Let's drink to our noble KING,
And to the QUEEN of his heart;
To their praise let's drink and sing,
And be merry before we part:
Let's drink to our Admiral,
And all our brave Tars on the main;
To our Soldiers and Officers all;
But let's never get drunk again.

For much drink, &c.

Enough's as good as a feast,
If men did but measure know;
But a sot is worse than a beast,
For he'll drink 'till he cannot go:
Since we cannot past time recal
In a tavern that's spent in vain,
Let's learn to be sober all,
And never get drunk again.

For much drink, &c.

S O N G 124.

Sung in a new Farce called BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

Tune, Then why should we quarrel for riches?

Captain Briton shakes hands with his Crew, and then, standing in
the midst of them, sings,

COME, the mates of my fortune, be cheary,
No distress should the sailor alarm,
As the needle be true, and ne'er fear ye,
I'll warrant we'll weather the storm.

*Then why should we dread any dangers
From France and her whole Gallie train,
British seamen, to fear ever strangers,
Since George rides the lord of the main.*

We'll shew that our true English spirit
The same in each climate can be;
This still be our comfort and merit,
That yet in our hearts we are free.

Then why, &c.

At the helm may they ever prove steady,
To steer us a course that is right,
Proud France then shall down with the ready,
They shall either refund or shall fight.

Then why, &c.

No dastardly thoughts then admitting,
With true loyal hearts we shall sing,
Heav'n prosper the arms of Old Britain,
And the honour protect of our king.

Then why, &c.

SONG 125.

Sung in BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

Captain *Briton* placing his Men on each side of him, sings,

COME, my lads, with souls befitting,

Let us never be dismay'd,

Let's avenge the wrongs of Britain,

And support her injur'd trade.

The true spirit of the nation

In our honest hearts we bring,

True, tho' in an humble station,

To our country and our king.

CHORUS.

On our naval strength depending,

Let us steer Old England's course;

When affronted vengeance sending,

Shew the world Old England's force:

Then loud peals of British thunder

Rattling on each hostile shore,

Shall make haughty France knock under,

Nor shall dare insult us more.

CHORUS.

Then through all the mighty ocean
England's cross shall honour find,
Far as wave can feel a motion,
Far as flag can move with wind:
Then insulting monarchs, shewing
More regard, shall humbler be;
This old truth of Britons knowing,
As they're brave they will be free. CHORUS.

May all English lads like you, boys,
Prove on shore true hearts of gold,
To their King and Country true, boys,
And be neither bought or sold.
Let the landmen without party
Act like brethren of the flood,
To our cause alone be hearty,
And that cause for Britain's good. CHORUS.

SONG 126.

THE TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift' ye landmen all to me;
Mefs-mates, hear a brother sailor,
Sing the dangers of the sea.

From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and hallyards stand ;
Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top-sail sheets let go ;
Looff, boys, looff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempest louder ;
Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain's call :

The topfail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather shou'd be worse.

Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
Reef the mizzen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck!
A lake beneath the chestree's sprung out!
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the laniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water's in the hold!

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
We for wives and children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!

Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
Only HE can save us now.

On the lee beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! her mizzen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a-foot or more;
Then up and rig a jury foremast,
She's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune fav'd our lives;
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweet-hearts, and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it;
Close to lips the brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
None;—our danger's drown'd in wine.



S O N G 127.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Sufan came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O! Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell, the sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find :

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white :

Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread,
No longer must she stay on board ;
They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his head :
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu ! she cries ; and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG 128.

THE FURIES OF LOVE.

To the Tune of, Aly Croken.

WITH the-furies of love I'm in a sad taking,
Just like a hog that's hung up for bacon,
My stomach it is scorch'd like an over-done mut-
ton chop,

That of brown gravy wont afford one single drop.

*Oh! love, love, love, love's like a dizziness,
Wont let a poor man go about his business.*

Both great guts and small guts are burnt to a
cinder,

As a hot burning-glass burns a dish-clout to tinder;

As cheese by a hot Salamander is toasted,

By the beauty on your cheeks, like mutton I'm
roasted.

Oh! love, love, &c.

Come, all you young lovers, about ladies that
dangle,

Just like a duck's foot grill'd at a candle,

With this and that I'm treated so uncivil,

I'm pepper'd like a gizzard, and so made a Devil.

Oh! love, love, &c.

SONG 129.

HE that will not merry merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post:
*Let him be merry merry there,
 And we'll be merry merry here;
 For who can know, where we shall go
 To be merry another year?*

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his glass in course,
 May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
 Ne'er a penny into his purse;
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise;
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be
 With his mistress in his bed,
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.
Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G 130.

I AM a bachelor winsome,
A farmer by rank and degree,
And few I see that's mair handsome
At kirk or at market than me:
I'm outside and inside in credit,
And frae ev'ry blemish I'm free;
I'm very well boarded and beded,
Yet I can get nane to tak' me.

I've courted baith Highlands and Lawlands,
When I good bargain cou'd see,
But there was nane that I cou'd fall on.
E'er said she wou'd buckle wi' me:
A horse to ride on when she's weary,
And cock wi' the best she can see,
And then be ca'd, Dauty and Deary;
What think you can ail her at me.

But, I have an offer to mak' her,
If that she will hearken to me,
Is, that I am willing to tak' her
Though cripple or blind e'er she be:

Let any one then writ a billet,
And let her transmit it to me,
I hereby engage to fulfil it,
Of what kind soever it be.

But, cripple I am not, forsta' me,
What though boud-footed I be;
Nor blind have you reason to ca' me,
What though I see but wi' one eye :
These forty years I've been neglected,
As you the truth o't may see,
Such offers should not be rejected,
Of what kind soever they be.

In Edinburgh speir for Jean Bladen,
A little below the Cross-Key,
And at the sign of the Old Maiden,
There you will be sure to find me.
Bring wi' you the priest o' the weddin'
That a things just finish'd may be,
And I'll sing a sang to the beddin';
And wha'll be sae merry as we.

SONG 131.

GRANT us, kind Heav'n, what we request,
In Masonry let us be blest;
Direct us to that happy place
Where Friendship smiles in every face:

Where Freedom and sweet Innocence
Enlarge the mind and cheer the sense.

Where scepter'd Reason, from her throne,
Surveys the LODGEs, and makes us one;
And Harmony's delightful sway
For ever sheds ambrosial day:

Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,
Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

No prying eye can view us here;
No fool or knave disturb our cheer:
Our well-form'd laws set mankind free,
And give relief to Misery:

The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,
Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Our LODGE the social Virtues grace,
And Wisdom's rules we fondly trace;
Whole Nature, open to our view,
Points out the paths we should pursue.

Let us subsist in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.

SONG 132.

Tune, He comes! he comes! the hero comes!

UNITE, unite, your voices raise;
Loud, loudly sing Free-Masons' praise;
Spread far and wide their spotless fame,
And glory in the sacred name.

Behold, behold, the upright band,
In Virtue's paths go hand in hand;
They shun each ill, they do no wrong,
Strict honour does to them belong.

How just, how just, are all their ways,
Superior far to mortal praise;
Their worth description far exceeds,
For matchless are Free Masons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye just and true,
Still, still the same bright paths pursue;
Th' admiring world shall on ye gaze,
And friendship's altar ever blaze.

Begone, begone, fly discord hence,
With party rage and insolence:
Sweet peace shall bless this happy band,
And freedom smile throughout the land.

SONG 133.

To the Tune of, Rule, Britannia.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid,
By the almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict command.

*Hail, mysterious ; hail, glorious Masonry !
That makes us ever great and free.*

As man throughout for shelter sought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Untill from heaven, from heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Hail, Mysterious, &c.

Hence illustrious rose our Art,
And now in beauteous piles appear ;
Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail, Mysterious, &c.

Nor we less sam'd for every tye,
By which the human thought is bound ;
Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially
Join all our hearts and hands around.

Hail, Mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.
Hail, Myſterious, &c.

SONG 134.

To the Tune of, God ſave the King.

HAIL, MASONRY divine;
Glory of ages ſhine,
Long may't thou reign:
Where'er thy Lodges ſtand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou Art divine!

Great fabrics ſtill ariſe,
And grace the azure ſkies,
Great are thy ſchemes:
Thy noble orders are
Matchleſs beyond compare;
No Art with thee can ſhare,
Thou Art divine!

Hiram, the architect,
 Did all the Craft direct
 How they should build;
 Sol'mon, great Isr'el's king,
 Did mighty blessings bring,
 And left us room to sing,
 Hail, royal Art

Chorus 3 times.

S O N G 135.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy,
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate, sweet, that ne'er can cloy?

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver! flatter still,
 Deal out pleasures unpossess;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G 136.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

*Fy let us a' to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jock's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gowden hair,
And there will be lang-kail and porridge,
And bannocks of barley-meal,
And there will be good fa't herring,
To relish a cogue of good ale.*

Fy let us, &c.

*And there will be Sawney the fouter,
And Will wi' the meikle mou:
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;
And there will be bow'd-legged Robie,
With thumbless Katie's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,
And Lawrie, the laird of the land.*

Fy let us, &c.

*And there will be fowlibber Patie,
And plucky-fac'd Wat i' th' mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
That wons in the how o' the hill;*

And there will be Alaster Sibby,
Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,
With sniv'ling Lilly and Tibby,
The lafs that stands aft on the stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steenny,
And coft him grey brecks to his arse,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warfe :
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh wi' the lily white leg,
Who gade to the South for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in monsmeg.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Maclourie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy mou'd halucket Meg.
And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,
And fairy-fac'd Florie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippet Girfy,
The lafs wi' the gowden wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibby,
Wi' his glaiket wife Jenny Bell,
And measly-shin'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel':
There lads, and lasses in pearlins,
Will feast i' the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith foddan and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
With fouth of good gabbock of skate,
Powfowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partens and buckies,
And whytens and spaldings enew,
And singit sheep-heads, and a haggies,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And fowens, and farles, and baps,
With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps:
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
And skink to sup till ye rive;
And roasts to roast on a brander
Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrap haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangles,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Fy let us, &c.

S O N G 137.

THE DRUKEN WIFE O' GALLOWA'.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,
 The goodwife she drank naething but sack and Ca-
 nary,

The goodman he complain'd to her friends right
 airly,

O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Firft she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
 And syne she drank the bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' the dubs and the lairie;

O! gin, &c.

She drank her hofe, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
 She drank her fark that cover'd her rarely,

O! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare;
When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me fairly,
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head:
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.
O! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns,
My bane-headed staff that i loo'd so dearly.
O! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.
O! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse;
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, she gets hersel fu',
And when she is fu' she is unco camstarie.
O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house
wants;

She rants up some fool-sang, like, *Up your heart,*
CHARLIE,

O! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lassies she ca's them baith b—s and j—s,
And ca's mysel' ay ane auld cuckold carlie.

O! gin, &c.

SONG 138.

WILLIE's drown'd in YARROW.

WILLIE's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bony,
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter-night
I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow-green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

SONG 139.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

Tune, GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning, very early, one morning in the
Spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled in her hand, while sweetly
thus sung she,
I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love
to sea;
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me;

Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho'
they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O! should it please the pitying Pow'rs to call
me to the skies,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love
to fly ;
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should
I be !
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns
from sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast ;
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest ;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh ! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love
might spy ;

But ah ! unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er
shall see,
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

S O N G 140.

THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

By Sir Harry Erskine.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we
come,

Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such our love of liberty, our country and our
laws,*

*That like our ancestors of old, we stand by free-
dom's cause ;*

*We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour
and applause,*

*And defy the French, with all their art, to al-
ter our laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,

Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering
strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce in-
crease;

And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
prove kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and
our laws,*

*And teach our late posterity to fight in Free-
dom's cause,*

*That they like our ancestors bold, for honour
and applause,*

*May defy the French and Spaniards to alter
our laws.*

S O N G 141.

To the Tune of, My apron, deary,

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
Nae mair for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do?

Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?

O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,

I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wild ocean secure me from love!

O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O what had my youth, &c.

Alas ! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine ;
Poor shepherd, Amynta nae mair can be thine :
Thy tears are a' fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth, &c.

S O N G 142.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Stræ.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae ;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' stræ.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll, smilling, say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lyes the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 "Nineteen nay-says are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kifs:
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future blifs.
 These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant;
 Then, surly carles, whish't, forbear
 To pleague us wi' your whining cant.



SONG 143.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

By Dr. Blacklock.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
Ae ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain;
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
flow;
Rude winds, wi' compassion, cou'd hear him com-
plain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view;
Those eyes then, wi' pleasure, the dawn cou'd survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning mair chearfu' than they;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

SONG 144.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war' twa bonny lasses,
They biggi'd a bower on yon burn brae
And thecked it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter :
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.
Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning :
White is her neck, fast is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
With ilka grace she can command ;
Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you tway,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

S O N G 145.

THE CHARMS OF LOVELY PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell ;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.

Yet greater bards the lyre should hit ;
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sacred wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun just rising in the morn,
That paints the new-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.

And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy West,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.

With her a cottage would delight,
All pleases while she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone 'tis endless night,
All's dark withont my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
They do not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,
Sae lang shall I love Peggy.

And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

SONG 146.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's stately in his wa'king;
The shining of his een surprise;
'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'sing.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spak',
That set my heart a-glowing.

He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony;
That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a filly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting:
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where corn rigs are bonny.

SONG 147.

ETRICK BANKS.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night
At glooming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:

My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fou lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.

Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.

SONG 148.

EW-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae sweet as thee,
O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her ee;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white haufe-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Ernslaw, Marion,
Wha gape and glowr with their ee,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day:
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

 I'm young and stout, my Marion;
 Nane dance like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean:
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kirtle of the cramasie;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come West and see ye.

SONG 149.

To the Tune of, GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but fit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant-beauty could beget
 No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest:
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast,

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.



SONG 150.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O, they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie !
*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lads, and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and-silken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

S O N G 151.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco sawcy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still blest my lassie.

Than ony las in burrows-town,
Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak' my Katty butt a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kifs and court my dawtie ;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
My fighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stien,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my las on dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can weild my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whilk out a whinger.

O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

O my bonny, &c.

SONG 152.

GALLOWSHIELS.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate !
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish !
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her :

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.
For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling ;
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee ;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven,

SONG 153.

HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

BY smooth-winding Tay a fwain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
 Myself thus away, and darna discover
 To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer;
 Then I'll tak' a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding Day a good-
 morrow;

The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
 sweeter;

'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded,
I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs yè,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

S O N G 154.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,

Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man ;

An' mony alterations seen

Amang te Lawland Whig, man.

Fal, lal, &c.

Firft when her to the Lawlands cam',

Nainfell was driving cows, man :

There was nae laws about him's nerfe,

About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,

The plaid prick't on her shou'der ;

The guide claymore hung pe her pelt,

The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her nerse pe lockit,
O hon ! that e'er she saw the day !
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration ;
The fodger dwall at our toor sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland pe turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on te cadger :
Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,
But oh she fears te fodger.

Anither law cam' after that,
Me never saw te like, man :
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man ;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought put ga'n upo' the crund,
And they gi'e me a paper.

They tak te horfe t'en py te head,
And t'ere they mak' him stand, man :
I tell'd them that I seen te day
He had nae sic command, man,
Nae dou'ts Nainfell maun tra her purse,
And pay them what hims like, man :
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man,
But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

SONG 155.

I wish my Love were in a Myre.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile !

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport toft,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost :

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

S O N G 156.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew so rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd though it was foggy:
I ask'd her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Katharine Ogie.
I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately;
So brisk an air there did appear,
In a country-maid so neatly:

Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air and graceful look,
Far excells any clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At buying time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations ;
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :

Might I carefs and fill poffefs
This lafs of whom I'm vogie ;
For thefe are toys, and fill look lefs,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me fo fine a creature,
Whofe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of defpair furround my love,
That are both dark and foggy :
Pity my cafe, ye Pow'ra above,
Elfe I die for Katharine Ogie.

S O N G 157.

THE laft time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me ;
Ye Pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,
When foft ideas mind me ?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day enfuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chafely sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may furround me :
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland-ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G 158.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,

And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
 warms ;

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,

Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades below,
 Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so;
 Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,

That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon
came by;

He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns! did he cry,

Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art.

They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas your eyes shot the dart,

That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he said;

I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast, leaning his head,

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

S O N G 159.

YOUNG Strephon I own, is the joy of my heart;

I love the dear youth, he's so lively and smart:

His converse is pleasing, he's manly and gay,

And his breath is as sweet as the flowers in May.

When he sings his love-strains, all the swains in a
throng,

In raptures are seen with my shepherd's soft song,

While the nymphs all around me with envy survey,

Because Strephon hails me the Queen of the May.

But love without jealousy reigns on my part,
 For, as well as the May, I'm the queen of his heart;
 Such joy and delight does his constancy bring,
 Without envy I'd look on the state of a king.
 T'other day for my head he a chaplet entwin'd,
 Of roses and myrtles, and jonquils combin'd;
 I gave him a kiss for the favour, 'tis true,
 And how could I help it—I only ask you?

You'll say I was forward, and greatly to blame,
 What girl for such favour would not do the same?
 For 'twill not be long before Strephon and I,
 Shall join hands and hearts in one sacred tie.
 Then, sure, when the church has performed its rites,
 And we firmly fixed in Hymen's delights,
 For his faith and his troth, to bind all our blifs,
 You'll surely allow—'tis my duty to kiss.

S O N G 160.

The Rock and wee Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
 And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
 But louten her down, her rock took a low,
 And that was an ill beginning o't,

She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,
She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,
She choaked she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore of years,
And never did try the spinning o't;
But how I was farked foul fa' them that speirs,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't;
The women now a-days are turned sae bra',
That ilk ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,
But the world was better whan feint ane ava,
But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't,
I might well have ended as I had begun,
And never had try'd the spinning o't:
But they say she's a wife wife wha kens her ain weird,
I thought ance a day it wad never be speir'd,
How loot you the low tak' the rock by the beard,
Whan you gaed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart sab,
Whan I think on the beginning o't;
I thought ance in a day to have made a wab,
And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't;

But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
 The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
 That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
 For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run,
 The dreary sad task o' the spinning o't,
 Let them seek out a loun place at the heat o' the sun,
 Syne venture on the beginning o't :
 For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,
 To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
 They'd say, that I had little wit in my pow,
 And as little I've done wi' the spinning o't.

S O N G 161.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

I HAE a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
 A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
 It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd;
 But the best thing of a's yet a wanting on't :
 To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight,
 To bless me, and kiss me, and comfort my sight,
 With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
 And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My Chirsty is charming, and good as she's fair;
Her een and her mouth are enchanting sweet;
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou fairest and dearest delight of my mind,
Whose gracious embraces by Heav'n were design'd
For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.

For thee, bonny Chirsty, my shepherds and hynds,
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine;
Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds
Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
Then hear me, and chear me with smiling consent,
Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,
Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

SONG 162.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was passing by:
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For truth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
And still mair lovely did appear;
And round about my slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my hand syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small,
And said, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These words into my heart did steal,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded fair:
 That I my love cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells and my spinning-wheel;
He bid me leave them a' with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead:
 My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-cock go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.

In trowth I loo'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
Then with my bonny lad I lay;
What lassie, young and fast as I,
Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?

These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

S O N G 163.

Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts fae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?

Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :

It is so bare and overworn,

A cricke he thereon cannot rin :

Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,

For ance I'll new apparel'd be,

To-morrow I'll to town and spend,

For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,

And she is come of a good kine ;

Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,

And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;

Get up, goodman, it is fou time,

The sun shines in the list fae hie :

Sloth never made a gracious end,

Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,

When it was fitting for my wear ;

But now its scanty worth a groat,

For I hae worn't this threty year ;

Let's spend the gear that we hae won,

We little ken the day we'll die ;

Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn

To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost him ha'f-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
He was the King that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the ase?
I'll hae a new cloak about me,

Goodman, I wat 'tis threty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now, they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife ;
 But she wad guide me if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.

SONG 164.

WHAN I've a saxpence under my thum',
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town :
 But ay whan I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
 O ! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Cou'dna my love come todlen hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and send her good fare,
 She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
 Syne if her typpony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak' a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-soups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
What think you of my wee kimmer and I?

Todlen butt and todlen ben,

Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye'reay sae good-humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober, sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me,

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

S O N G 165.

JOHN OF BADENYON.

By the Rev. Author of TULLOCHGORUM.

WHEN first I came to be a man of twenty years
or so,

I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the
world would know.

In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and
gay,

And here, and there, and every where, was like a
morn in May.

No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up
and down,

And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or
in town :

I still was pleas'd where'er I went, and when I was
alone,

I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself with John of Ba-
denyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime a mistress I
must find ;

For love, they say, gives one an air, and ev'n im-
proves the mind.

On Phillis fair, above the rest, kind Fortune fix'd
my eyes,

Her piercing beauty struck my heart, and she be-
came my choice :

To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r, I offer'd many
a vow,

And danc'd, and sung, and sigh'd and swore, as
other lovers do :

But when at last I breath'd my flame, I found her
cold as stone ;

I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe, to John of Baden-
yon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd, with
foolish hopes and vain,
To Friendship's port I steer'd my course, and laugh'd
at lovers' pain.

A friend I got by lucky chance, 'twas something
like divine;

An honest friend's a precious gift, and such a gift
was mine:

And now whatever might betide, a happy man was I'
In any strait I knew to whom I freely might apply;

A strait soon came, my friend I try'd, he laugh'd
and spurn'd my moan,

I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself with John of
Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next, and would a
patriot turn,

Began to doat on Johnny Wilks, and cry up Parson
Horne;

Their noble spirit I admir'd, and prais'd their
manly zeal:

Who had with flaming tongue and pen maintain'd
the public weal:

But e'er a month, or two was past, I found myself
betray'd;

'Twas Self and Party after all, for all the stir they made.

At last I saw these factious knaves insult the very
throne,
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe, to John of
Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while, still hoping to
succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company, and gravely try'd
to read;
I bought and borrow'd every where, and study'd
night and day;
Nor mist what Dean or Doctor wrote, that happen-
ed in my way,
Philosophy I now esteem'd the ornament of youth:
And carefully thro' many a page I hunted after truth,
A thousand various schemes I try'd, and yet was
pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe to John of Ba-
denyon.

And now ye youngsters every where, who want
to make a show, [below;
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness
What you may fancy pleasure here is but an empty
name,
For girls, and friends, and books, and so, you'll
find them all the same.

Then be advis'd, and warning take from such a
man as me,
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high
degree:
You'll find displeasure every where; then do as I
have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with John
of Badenyon.

S O N G 166.

AULD ROBIN GREY.

Tune, The Bridegroom greets.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at
hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he fought me
for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jemmy gade
to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me,

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa' ;

My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
And auld Robin Grey can e a courting me.

My father coudna' work, and my mither coudna'
spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his ee,
Said, Jenny for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jemmy back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,
The ship it was a wreck; why didna Jemmy die?
And why do I live to say waes me ?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna
speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break,
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in
the sea,
And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jemmy's wreath, for I coudna think it
 he,
 'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
 We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away:
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
 And why do I live to say waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
 I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

S O N G 167.

WOO'D, and married, and a',

Woo'd and married and a',

Was she nae very weel aff

Was woo'd and married and a'.

The bride came out of the byre,

And O as she dighted her cheeks,

Sirs, I'm to be married the night,

And has neither blankets nor sheets.

Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough;
O had ye're tongue, my doughter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' the' tether,
And our bra' basin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d—I needs a' this pride;
I had nae a plack in my pouch,
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsey,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

What's the matter, quo Willie,
Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer the gither,
And we'll smore a' the fleas:

Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats of woo ;
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiaths enew.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kie ;
Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I ;
For you're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife ;
Gin I canna get a better,
Ise never take ane i' my life.

Woo'd, and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre ;
O gin I were but married,
It's a' that I desire :
But we poòr fo'k maun live single,
And do the best we can ;
I dinna care what I shou'd want,
If I cou'd get but a man.

Woo'd, and married, &c.



SONG 168.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow ?

Ah no ! her form's too heav'n'y fair,
Her love the gods above must share ;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at distance due adore her.
O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile :
Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish ;

With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

S O N G 169.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander o'er the braes of Yarrow;
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ransom take for Mary's slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair:
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
I'd ask to ly in Mary's breast;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtier's fate;
My joy compleat on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her;
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And he shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

S O N G 170.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring,
Which Flora had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter scorned;

I cast mine eye, and did espy
A youth, who made great clamor;
And drawing nigh I heard him cry,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful song
With sighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
Her locks that shine like lamer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glance; een like comets sheen,
The morning sun outshining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining,
Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiously to frame her,
Whose beauties rare make me, with care,
Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her scorning;

Let every tree a witness be,
How justly I may blame her;
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.
Thus said, his breath began to fail,
He could not speak but stammer;
He sigh'd full fore, and said no more,
But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
I run in haste to save him,
But quickly he resign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
My tongue shall ay defame her,
While on his herse I'll write this verse,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though Cupid he be blind,
He proves in pith most mighty.

For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love ;
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break asunder :
Nor wise nor fool need go to school
To learn this from his grammar ;
His heart's the book where he's to look
For *omnia vincit amor*.

SONG 170.

Tune, PINKY-HOUSE.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone ;
Her swain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan.
Ah ! is my love, she said to you
So worthless and so vain ?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove,
Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis pain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you delighted, I could die;
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said——— all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of Death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

SONG 171.

PATY'S MILL.

THE lass of Paty's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand:
Through all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.

Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfill,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Paty's mill
 Shou'd share the fame with me.

S O N G 172.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
 Cries, Milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my clathing is thin,
 The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;

They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me,

They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come
ben.

The cheese is to mak, and the butter's to kirn;
Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd four,
I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

S O N G 173.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

Peggy.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie.

When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
bells

Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,

Nae birns, briers, or brechens ga'e trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings saftly *the Cowden-broom knows*,
And Rosie lilts sweetly *the milking the ewes* ;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing,
At *throw the wood, laddie*, Befs gars our lugs ring ;
But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The boatman, Tweedside, or the last of the mill.
'Tis mony times sweeter and pleasant to me ;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire !
And praises fae kindly increases Love's fire :
Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

SONG 174.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess which sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently sow'r;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

S O N G 175.

THE WISH.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost;
While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow;
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow;

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And send forth their breath like a stream;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Fleaks of ice that she finds in her cream:
When the sweet country maiden as fresh as the rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,
And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with silence they rest on the spray,
And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her cause should betray.

When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat:

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilst the icicles hang from the eves of my coat,
I may thither in safety retire.

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
We may live, and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

SONG 176.

Wat ye wha I met Yestreen?

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wa'k up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dinsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day,
Bends up his morning draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to bask ye'r brow:
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, soft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

SONG 177.

KATY'S ANSWER.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Though she did the same before me;
I canna get leave to look to my loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.
Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then, Sandy, ye'll fret, and wyte ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty,
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear;
And sae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion,
Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.



SONG 178.

Sung in THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Patie.

BY the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

Peggy.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.

Patie.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red-cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

Peggy.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Paty's arms for good and a';
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

Patie.

O charming armsfu'! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise:
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day:
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.*

S O N G 179.

JAMIE GAY.

AS Jamie gay gang'd blyth his way,
Along the river Tweed,
A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
Came tripping o'er the mead.
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph survey'd,
And full of glee as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid:

Dear lassie tell, why by thinesell
Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
My ewes, she cried, are straying wide,
Canst tell me, laddie, where?
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle sport to see,
But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around?
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad rowd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

SONG 180.

My Heart's my ain.

'TIS nae very lang ginsyne,
That I had a lad of my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lain:
The lass he's courting has filler,
And I hae nane at a';
And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher,
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Who has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysell,
That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
But sic as I spin mysell.

And when I am clad in my curtfey,

I think mysell as braw ;

As Susy, wi' a' her pearling,

That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,

And may they live happy for life ;

Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,

The chield he deserves a good wife.

But, O ! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,

As blyth as I weel can be ;

For ane that's fae keen o' the filler,

Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,

I hate to be scrimpit or scant ;

The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,

And nae ane about me shall want.

For I'm a good guide o' the warld,

I ken when to ha'd and to gie ;

For whinging and cringing for filler,

Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,

An' he wha has that has enough ;

The master is seldom fae happy

As Robin that drives the plough,

But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sence to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

SONG 181.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green
plains,

And Alloa shines more chearful and gay;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
swains

Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray:
But Sandy nae mair returns to my view;

Nae spring-time me-cheers, nae music can charm;
He's gane! and, I fear me, for ever: adieu!
Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm!

O Alloa-house! how much art thou chang'd!

How silent, how dull to me is each grove!
Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
Alas! where to please me my Sandy ance strove!

Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
Here list'ned too, fond whenever you sung;
Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd
cauld?

Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,
And Shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress;
For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear
swain,

Who heard, and, wi' rapture, his Nelly address:
My Nelly! my fair, I come; O my love!

Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
And, Nelly, nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy
charms.

She heard; and new joy shot thro' her fast frame,
And will you, my Love! be true? she replied:
And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same?

Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride?
O Nelly! I live to find thee still kind:

Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true:
Then adieu to a' sorrow; what soul is so blind,
As not to live happy for ever with you?

S O N G 182.

By D. A. WEBSTER.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

O! how cou'd I venture to love and like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
On lords, thy admirers cou'd look wi' disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pity'd my pain?
You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense and
drefs,

When real the passion, the vanity's less;
You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-tauking, read love in my
eyes.

O! how shall I fault thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
'Till fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms;
Thro' a' the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
'Till sinking together, together we're lost!
Oh! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
Too nice for expression, which only we feel.

In a' that you do, in each look and each mien,
 Thy graces in-waiting adorn you unseen,
 When I see you, I love you; when hearing, adore:
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more;
 Till mad wi' admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care:
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment inquire;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire:
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

S O N G 183.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.

Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthfu' heart on fire ;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
A' day the am'rous youths conven,
Joyous they sport and play before her ;
A' night, when she nae mair is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
His rising sighs exprefs his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
Wi' smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind Shepherd, Why shou'd I deceive ye ?
Alas ! your love maun be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.
He staw awa' my virgin-heart ;
Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Daxon his own Annie.

S O N G 184.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blyth, ilk' morn, was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me;
 I met him wi' good will.
*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom o' Cowdenknows;
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.

O the broom, &c

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.

O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born!

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,
My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
May now ly uselefs by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave, or care.

O the broom, &c.

S O N G 185.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
 And he wou'd hae me down,
 To drink a bottle of ale wi' him,
 In the niest borrows town.
 But, O! indeed, it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me;
 For lang or e'er that I came hame,
 My wife had ta'en the gee.
 We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire-side;
 And the tear blinds ay her ee,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to;
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,

The ne'er ae word she spake ;

But mony a sad and sour look,

And ay her head she'd shake.

My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,

To look sae sour on me ?

I'll never do the like again,

If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee,

When that she heard, she ran, she flang

Her arms about my neck ;

And twenty kisses in a crack,

And, poor wee thing, she grat.

If ye'll ne'er do the like again,

But bide at hame wi' me,

I'll lay my life I'll be the wife

That's never tak' the gee.

S O N G 186.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Y^E fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm

To captivate the will ;

Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,

Whose frowns at once can kill :

Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
Where flatt'ry bears no part?
An honest verse that flows sincere,
And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet
Mankind it might engage,
If, as ye all can make a net,
Ye all could make a cage.
Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,
For who's to beauty blind?
But to what end a pris'ner make,
Unless we've strength to bind?

Attend the counsel often told—
Too often told in vain—
Learn that best art, the art to hold,
And lock the lover's chain.
Gamesters to little purpose win,
Who lose again as fast;
Though beauty may the charm begin,
'Tis sweetness makes it last.



SONG 187.

BLITHE JOCKEY.

MY Jockey is the blithest lad
 That e'er young maid did woo;
 When he appears, my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and true.
 He talks of love whene'er we meet,
 His words in rapture flow;
 Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
 I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone;
 At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
 I hear the maiden's moan.
 He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair:
 What swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair?

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by;
 For I alone am all his care,
 Whenever danger's nigh.

He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
And make me blest for life;
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife?

SONG 188.

THE BIRD.

THE bird, that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the sky
To nurse the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,
And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires,
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires.
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similes are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For heav'n and joys divine,
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

S O N G 189.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day
 Two linnets I had ta'en,
 The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again.
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes
 I sang across the mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.
 As passing through the tufted grove,
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When Chlora's charms I view'd.

I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay.

To hear my tender tale;

But all in vain, she fled away,

Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made

Came pity to my breast;

And thus I, as compassion bade,

The feather'd pair address'd:

Ye little warblers, chearful be,

Remember not ye flew;

For I, who thought myself so free,

Am far more caught than you.

S O N G 190.

KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam

Steals softly through the night,

To wanton in the the winding stream,

And kifs reflected light.

To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,

Where you've so seldom been;

Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep

With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse you nodding grove,
Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green :
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen,
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen!

SONG 191.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be ;
What can this vain world more afford,
Than a *wife* to my mind, that prefers none to me,
And *contentment*, though small be my store,
My brave boys ?
And *contentment*, though small be my store.

In the morning I rise, and then toil all the day,
And hath *happiness* still in my view ;
I'll never forsake it 'till I overtake it,
So eagerly I will it pursue,
My brave boys, &c.

When the evening does come, content I sit down,
Nor e'er do I wish for to roam ;
For, *Hymen* and *Love* have firmly decreed,
That true *pleasure's* found always at *home*,
My brave boys, &c.

Then, ye wand'ers ! attend, give o'er your pursuits,
They'll ever prove false, you will find ;
Seek pleasure at *home*, and your wife, if she's wife,
Will always be loving and kind,
My brave boys, &c.

SONG 192.

Tell me when, and tell me where.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,

Tell me when, and tell me where,

Tell thy fond and faithful swain

When we thus shall meet again.

Where shall Strephon fondly see

Beauties only found in thee?

Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,

All the happy live-long day.

Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,

Tell me when, and tell me where.

All the happy day, 'tis true,

Blest but only then with yo u,

Nightly Strephon sighs alone,

Sighs till Hymen makes us one.

Tell me then, and ease my pain,

Tell thy fond and faithful swain,

When the priest shall kindly join

Kitty's trembling hand to mine.

Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,

Tell me when, I care not where.

S O N G 193.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Composed by a Clergyman at Aberdeen.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
 And rozet weel your fiddle-ficks;
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 Frae out your quorum,
 Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix;
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

R. FERGUSSON.

COME, gie's a sang, the Lady cry'd,
 And ay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their whipmegmorum:
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite;
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',

To make a chearfu' quorum.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw.
And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o'em :

They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie ;
They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum :

They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their *allegroes*, and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess ;
And lilly fauls themselves diitres

Wi' keeping up decorum :

Shall we fae sour and fulky fit,
Sour and fulky, four and fulky ;
Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
Like auld Philosophorum ?
Shall we fae four and fulky fit,
Wi' neither sence, nor mirth, nor wit ?
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty ;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a' great store o'em !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And blackest fiends devour him !

May dole and sorrow be his chance,

Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,

May dole and sorrow be his chance,

And honest souls abhor him!

May dole and sorrow be his chance,

And a' the ills that come frae France,

Whoe'er he be that winna dance

The reel of Tullochgorum.

S O N G 194.

Composed by a Brother of St. Luke's Lodge

Tune, *In the garb of old Gaul, &c.*

IN the dress of Free Masons, fit garments for Jove,

With the strongest attachment true brotherly love,

We now are assembled, all jovial and free,

For who are so wise—so social as we!

*And since we're bound, by secrecy, to unity and
love,*

*Let us, like Brethren, faithful still to ev'ry
Brother prove:*

Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,

All Masons, in a ring,

Protectors of our native land,

The Craft, and the King.

Tho' some, with ambition, for glory contend,
And, when they've attain'd it, despise a poor Friend;
Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to ensure,
Counts each Mason his brother, tho' ever so poor.

And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our Brethren alone we confine
That brotherly-love, that affection divine;
For our kind-hearted Sisters in that bear a share,
And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the Fair.

And since we're bound, &c.

With justice, with candour, our bosoms are
warm'd

Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd;
We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those
Who treat us as friends, and we laugh at our foes.

And since we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Master we bend;
For these are the rulers we're bound to defend:
And when such a King, such a Master, arise,
As Britons, as Masons, we've cause to rejoice.

And since we're bound, &c.



SONG 195.

HIGHLAND QUEEN.

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains ;
More pleasing beauties me inspire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre :
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me :
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy ;
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole :
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate ;

Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

S O N G 196.

H I G H L A N D K I N G.

Y^E Muses nine, O lend your aid,
Inspire a tender bashful maid,
That's lately yielded up her heart,
A conquest to love's pow'rful dart;
And now would fain attempt to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen:
When first I saw him, 'twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May;
When first I felt Love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare;

Good nature, honesty, and truth,
Adorn the dear, the matchless youth :
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
'Tis you I love ; come, come away,
Unto the kirk, my love, let's hy ;
Ye gods, in rapture, I'd comply :
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

S O N G 197.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
peep ;

Come, rise up, you sluggardly sot :
How can you, how can you, ly snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback have got, *my brave boys*.
While we all on horseback have got.

I cannot get up, for mine over-night's cup
So terribly lyes in my head ;
Besides my wife cries, My dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed, &c.

Come, draw on your boots, and saddle your mare,
 Without any longer delay ;
 For the cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,
 Will chase all dull vapours away.

Hark, hark ! how the huntsman has started poor
 He has her now full in his view : [pufs,
 We'll never forsake her till we overtake her,
 So eagerly let us pursue.

No pleasure like hunting to pass the long day,
 We scour the hills and the dale ;
 At night, for our supper, we feast on our prey,
 When over a pot of good ale.

Since thus, my dear Kate, the summons you hear,
 Your toying I prithee give o'er,
 And be of good cheer, at night I'll be here,
 And cuddle you o'er and o'er, *my dear girl*, &c.

S O N G 198.

BETTY BROWN.

IN pursuit of a lass that was form'd to my taste,
 What pains did I take, and what time did I waste !
 In vain did I ramble o'er country and town,
 Till Fate introduc'd me to dear Betty Brown.

Such a shape, such an air, such a mein, such a
face,
She smil'd with such sweetness, convers'd with
such grace;
A forehead unus'd to a wrinkle or frown,
Precedes o'er the face of my dear Betty Brown.

When first I beheld her my heart was inflam'd,
And mov'd with a rapture that cannot be nam'd:
Ye gods!—what is wealth—what is fame or renown,
Compar'd with the charms of my dear Betty Brown?

Tho' her person has beauties beyond all compare,
Of a virtuous mind has a much better share?
Let others' ambition extend to a crown,
I ask of ye, gods! but my dear Betty Brown.

O let me this charming dear creature possess,
No more I request, nor can ask any less:
From the summit of hope let me not tumble down,
Ye gods!—give me death, or my dear Betty Brown.



SONG 199.

THE PARSON.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an ass,
Who at cares of this world wou'd repine ;
'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispel Fortune's
frown,

That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the vine.
'Tis this in all sects the true int'rest protects,
And enlivens the lump of our clay ;
The parsons looks teach, tho' against it they preach.
Then believe them, believe them, who pleases,
I say.

'Tis not long ago, that I vicar I know,
Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,
Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many good soul,
Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong, went
the bell :

Then, having a hic—cup, took the chair with a
kick—up,

I must go, else the church will complain ;
But, friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my
priesthood,

I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you
again.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest;
To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a doze,
And cries, Excellent, excellent wine, I protest.
The whole congregation, in strange consternation,
Left the church, with a sigh at the cause;
But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, they're all
out;

Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again, my brave boys.

In law, 'twas design'd, Justice still should be blind;
Yet she'll squint if self-int'rest do call;
And I'm certain I cou'd, o'er a hogthead that's good,
Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and
all.

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,
Old Noah could tipple, they say;
And we gather from hence, all mortals of sense,
Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah: Huzza!

S O N G 200.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart,
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And Nature is dress'd without art.

No pleasure they now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing;
For Strephon was all she held dear.
So soon as she found, by my eyes,
The passion that glow'd in my breast,
She then, to my grief and surprize,
Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too soon, to my sorrow, I find
The beauties alone that will last
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blast.
Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquets who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been just
If Nature had blest'd her with sense.



S O N G 201.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, &c.

GREAT Jupiter took it one day in his head
To send forth a messenger, as it is said,
To search every place, and to strictly inquire
Where the goddess Fidelity choice to retire.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nimble Mercury, straight as a messenger dress'd,
A punctual obedience to orders express'd,
And promis'd great Jove he would certainly find
Where she was, if with Deities or with mankind.

Derry down, &c.

Then down flew the god to fam'd Cythera's grove,
In hopes of some news from the young god of love;
Who at first could not tell how to make a reply,
But, at last, told the truth, tho' accustom'd to lie.

I'm ignorant Faith, says the little arch urchin,
What place for Fidelity, you must go search in;
But I'm vastly surpris'd you should think here to
find her,
When you know that my mother and I never mind
her:

This answer not suiting at all to his taste,
Away then to Hymen does Mercury haste :
But, what ignorance here did he shew of mankind,
To imagine Fidelity there he should find.

Again disappointed, he made no long stay,
But, with expedition, continu'd his way ;
Yet thought that perhaps it might answer his end,
If inquiry he made of the goddess of friends.

But vain were his hopes in his search here likewise,
For his hostess thus answer'd, with tears in her eyes,
Alas ! honest friend, this goddess so dear,
For whom you inquire, is seldom seen here.

In one only place you can find her on earth,
So hasten away to the Sons of True Mirth ;
To a lodge of FREE MASONS immediate repair,
And no manner of doubt but you'll meet with her
there.

SONG 202.

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile vallies glide :
Though in search of soft repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

S O N G 203.

On the memorable Battle of BANNOCKBURN,
fought on the 25th of June, 1314.

To the Tune of, In the garb of old Gaul, &c.

FROM the ocean emerged bright Phœbus's ray,
Big with the importance of Bannockburn's day;
To deck out the pomp of the broad shining field,
Which now a glittering harvest of launces did yield.
Resolv'd on a conquest of Scotia's plains,
To annex them for ever to England's domains,
Bold EDWARD, with the hugest host e'er England
did produce,
With haughty strides advanced to dethrone RO-
BERT BRUCE.

From an army compos'd of an hundred thousand
men,
Well serv'd in every article to fight upon the plain;
Where the whole strength of England collected you
might see,
Who could not dream of any thing but certain
victory.
So confident of success, a bard they brought along
To celebrate the glory of their actions in a song;

And in their retinue they brought some waggon-
loads of chains,
To lead their Scottish captives in triumph o'er the
the plains.

An Asiatic luxury their camp did overspread,
Up from their meanest centinel to EDWARD their
head;
Of discipline regardless, the despicable few,
They dreamt the very sight of their numbers would
subdue;
Whilst English oaths from line to line did like to
mildew flee,
The little Scottish army was found upon their knee,
The aid of Heav'n imploring for a distressed land,
Then starting to their feet, they grasp'd their wea-
pons in their hand.

Towards Stirling a march the Lord Clifford did
steal,
But the bold Earl of Murray upon him did wheel;
Their spears made such havock, tho' with foes en-
compass'd round,
That many gallant Englishman lay gasping on the
ground.

The sacred love of liberty did like a god inspire,
And made their haughty num'rous foes most prudently retire ;
Precipitate inglorious flight was all they could attempt,
While th' hardy Scots harrafs'd their rear almost to
EDWARD'S camp.

King ROBERT gave his orders in front of the line,
Where in refulgent armour he royally did shine,
Which pointed him out to a bold English knight,
Who from the rest detach'd himself with ROBERT
for to fight ;
With ardour on the wings of hope, advancing with
his spear,
But ROBERT wi' his battle-axe met him in full career,
And thro' the temper'd shining helm did cleave his
head in two,
'Till reeling to the earth with a *thudd* he did go.

Such two successful precludes did raise king ROBERT'S heart,
And fir'd each Scottish warrior his courage to exert ;
Then brazen trumpets flourishing with peals of
death did ring,
Each army join'd in loud huzzas, and cry'd, *Long
live our king.*

The hurricane of doubtful war began on every side
And death in ev'ry awful form did o'er the field
preside.

O muse ! thy kind assistance lend to paint the war-
like scene.

Else *DESCRIPTION* * will be lost in so lofty a theme.

From twanging strings the deadly shafts did fly
as thick as hail,

The jav'lines, spears and faulchions, as fiercely did
prevail. [play,

Each combatant on either side such valour did dis-
As on his single arm had hung the success of the day.
Renowned chiefs in shining steel bestrow'd the gory
plain,

Till Rome was hardly left to fight for mountains of
the slain ;

The limpid stream of Bannockburn, which wont so
smooth to glide,

Was totally converted to a sanguinary tide.

As a rock in the ocean with fortitude braves
Th' impetuous assault of the proud swelling waves,
When with formidable efforts they beat the solid stone
Which repels the angry surges in white lashing foam.

* The Author's Characteristic in the R. O.

Thus the hardy Scots intrepidly their num'rous foes
repell'd,

On right and left with total rout their boasted cou-
rage quell'd. [light,

This EDWARD in the center saw, and grieved at the
To find no other safety left but in a speedy flight.

On a hill a little distant unarmed swains beheld
The huge devastation and carnage of the field ;
Exulting they gave a shoot which made the hills re-
found,

And the fluctuating enemy did totally confound.
A gen'ral panic then prevail'd, inglorious flight
ensu'd,

Lord DOUGLAS with light armed horse most vi-
gorously pursu'd,

Till EDWARD reached to Dunbar, where joyously
he saw [awa,'

A scurvy fishing-boat, in which he meanly sneak'd

Thus ended the dread campaign of *Edward* the
great ;

Thus vanish'd into smoke every formidable threat ;
While the riches of his camp did repay the victors
toil.

Who gloriously expos'd their lives to guard the
Scottish foil,

The generous love of liberty, our country and our
 laws,
 Thus fir'd our noble ancestors to fight in freedom's
 cause;
 They boldly fought for liberty, for honour and ap-
 plause,
 And defy'd the power of England's king to alter
 their laws. G. WILSON.

The Editor was desired by several Persons of Distinction to
 insert the foregoing Heroic Ballad; he therefore
 hopes the length of it will be excused.

S O N G 204.

MY Betsy is the blithest maid
 That e'er young shepherd woo'd,
 She has at length my heart betray'd,
 Alas! do all I could.
 For shape, for air, and manners too,
 None can with her compare:
 O would she but be kind and true,
 I'd soon my love declare.
 Whene'er I see her beauteous face,
 My heart with joy does burn;
 Whene'er she's absent from the place,
 I long for her return.

If she all others would forsake,
 And fly to me alone ;
 What pleasure I with her should take,
 While they their loss bemoan !
 I'd bless the day that first I knew
 My charming Betsy fair ;
 And all my life should be to shew
 She was my only care.
 I'd vow to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make her blest for life :
 Should she refuse then, maidens say,
 To be young Johnny's wife ?

S O N G 205.

IN PRAISE OF MASONRY.

Tune, An old woman clothed in grey.
 IN Spite of the prejudic'd hate
 The vulgar against us retain,
 Let us new attachments create,
 And strengthen each link to our chain :
 Without ceasing, they slander us still,
 And fling at us many a joke ;
 But those, who of Masons speak ill,
 Are not worthy their wrath to provoke.

We challenge the witty, or sage,
Our morals or deeds to gainfay
Since those of the primitive age,
We are bound to esteem and obey :
A friendship that's warm and sincere
Does always her favours dispense ;
And our hearts to be sway'd will appear
By the dictates of nature and sense.

Perhaps some may deem it a fault
That we so mysterious are,
But virtue alone we are taught
Is the object that's worthy our care :
Assur'd of being honest, we taste,
This chearful amuzement at leisure,
With the presence of decency grac'd,
Which regulates every pleasure.

Hence it is that we see ev'ry brother
An affable air entertain ;
And, excusing the faults of each other,
A sociable spirit maintain :
Without hatred or jealousy, thus
United we Masons do live ;
And he only is envy'd by us
Who his friends the most pleasure can give.

S O N G 206.

R U L E, B R I T A N N I A.

W H E N Britain first, at heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain ;
*Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !*

The nations (not so blest as thee)
Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,

Thy cities shall with commercé shine :

All thine shall be the subject main,

And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still, with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coasts repair :

Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair !

Rule, Britannia, &c.

S O N G 207.

THE MILK MAID. Sung by Miss CATLEY.

COMING home with my milk the young 'squire
I met,

Says, Polly, Love, set down your pails,

I have long been a kifs or two, child, in your debt,

If I pay you, you must not tell tales.

To oblige him, and 'cause that I would not be cross,

I presently quitted my pails ;

He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss,

And kifs'd me—I should not tell tales.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down :

I begg'd to go home with my pails :

He vow'd, to such a pitch his fond passion was grown,

He'd wed—but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest.

That I little more thought of my pails.

Till beyond all escaping, I found him posselt

Of my heart—but I must not tell tales.

He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,

And ease me of carrying pails :

If he don't, why, as sure as a mussel has life

If I'm silent, there is one will tell tales.

S O N G 208.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn !

Thy presence cou'd ease me,

When naething can please me :

Thy presence cou'd ease me, &c.

Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,

Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Thro' the wood, laddie, thro' the wood, laddie,

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

Thro' the wood, laddie ;

Now dowie I sigh, &c.

Thro' the wood, &c.

S O N G 209.

THRO' THE WOOD, LASSIE.

Let music and pleasure, &c.

O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
Or, thro' the wood, lassie, until thou return,

Thro' the wood, lassie, thro' the wood, lassie,

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

Thro' the wood, lassie;

O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,

No content, no delight,

Have I known day or night,

The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell,

How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad knell,

Thro' the wood, &c.

And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,

And, with joy, like a dove,

I'll return to my love :

The maxim of loving in truth let us know,

Then thro' the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go,

Thro' the wood, &c.

Come lads, and come lasses, be blithsome and gay,

Let your hearts merry be,

And both full of glee :

The Highlands shall ring with the joy of the day,

When thro' the wood, happy, we'll dance, sing,

and play,

Thro' the wood, &c.

S O N G 210.

Composed by a Gentleman in Glasgou.

To the Tune of, LANGOLEE.

WHILE thus, mighty Bacchus! we sing thy
great glory,

And wine in full bumpers we joyfully quaff,
Attend with thy train, jolly god! we implore thee,
And join with thy vot'ries, when drunk, the
loud laugh :

For life is a jest, and every thing shows it,
And of short duration, there's no one but knows it,
The present time's ours, and they're fools that
would lose it ;

Come then our full bumpers let's joyfully quaff.

Elated with wine, when at midnight we revel,
Thro' streets we keep roving, all jovial and free,
And "kick up a dust," roar and sing like the d—l,
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.
And beating the rounds, when each takes his station,
'Mongst lamps, and the windows, oh! what de-
vastation!

With watchmen and guards we play h—l and
d—mn—n ;

What champions so brave—so courageous as we!

Dull mortals around us, of ev'ry profession,
Who in toil, or in study, their lifetimes employ,
When cloy'd with their bus'ness, they all make
confession,

Such pleasures as ours they ne'er can enjoy.
Come all at once, then, let's drink off our glasses;
The joys of old wine there's no pleasure surpasses,
The sober dull fool who denies it an ass is,
In drinking there's pleasure which never can
cloy.

SONG 213.

WITH my holyday gown, and my new fashion'd
hat,

Last Monday I went to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Young Roger I thought would be there.
He wooes me to marry whene'er we do meet,
Sure honey does dwell on his tongue;
And indeed he's so handsome, so mild and discreet,
That I w, w, wou'd, that I w, w, wou'd, that
I'd marry if I were not too young.

He whispers such soft pretty things in mine ear,
 He vows, and he sighs, and implores;
 Such ribbons he bought me, such trinkets and ware,
 'Till, trust me, my pockets ran o'er:
 A song too he bought me, the best he could find,
 With which I was mightily stung.

And indeed, &c.

The sun being declined, it was time to retire,
 My cottage being distant a mile,
 I rose from my chair, Roger bow'd like a Squire,
 And he handed me over the stile:
 His arms he threw round me, love play'd in his looks,
 While we walked the meadows along.

And indeed, &c.

S O N G 212.

OH! send me Lewis Gordon hame,
 And the Lad I dare not name;
 Altho' his back be at the wa',
 Here's to him that's far awa.

*Hech hey! my Highland-man,
 My handsome charming Highland-man,
 Weel wou'd I my true-love ken,
 Among ten thousand Highland-men.*

Oh ! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and high-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
And that's the Lad that I'll go wi'.

Hech hey ! &c.

This Lovely Lad I now do sing,
Is fitted for to be a King :
For on his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.

Hech hey ! &c.

Oh ! to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne ;
Our griefs wou'd then a' disappear,
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee-year.

Hech hey ! &c.

S O N G 213.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the water of Dee ;
He wrought and sang frae morn to night,
No lark more blyth than he :

And this the burden of his sang
For ever us'd to be,
" I care for no body, no not I,
" Since no body cares for me,"

I live by my mill, God blefs her,
She's kindred, child and wife ;
I would not change my station,
For any other in life.

No lawyer, surgeon or doctor,
E'er had a groat from me ;
I care for no body, no not I,
If no body cares for me.

When spring begins his merry career,
O how his heart grows gay ;
No summer's drought alarms his fears,
Nor winter's sad decay :
No foresight mar's the miller's joy,
Who's wont to sing and say,
Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day.

Thus like the miller bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing,
The days of youth are made for glee,
And time is on the wing.

This song shall pass from me to thee
Along this jovial ring ;
Let heart and voice and all agree
To say, Long live the King.

SONG 214.

THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
And sport a' while wi' Jamie ?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care ;
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' muck'e gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie.
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggie took them ne'er amiss ;
Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
That Bess was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak ;

Who'd not ca' her a gawkie ?

But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence :
Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,

Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.

Ah na, lads, that can ne'er be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whish't, nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,

I trow he likes the gawkie.

O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew,
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang another gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.

S O N G 215.

Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
And answer kindness with a slight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
For women in a man delight :

But them dispise who're soon defeat,
And with a simple face give way
To a repulse;—then be not blate,
Push bauldly on, and win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,
Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een:
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elfewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

SONG 216.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'T WAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay;
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine;
O hither haste, and with thee bring,
That beauty, blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

SONG 217.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?

Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
Both nature and fancy exceed.

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music inchant every bush
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring ;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folk sing,

How does my love pass the long day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lyes asleep ?

Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

SONG 218.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay;
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in fast raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear ;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade ;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more ;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tunefu' strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer-suits,
To mirth a' nature now invites ;
Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice ;
Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladness ca';
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG 219.

THE MEN WILL ROMANCE.

WHEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-things
aside,
I conceiv'd myself woman, and fit for a bride;
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance;
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright di'mond ex-
cell'd,
Such a face, and such tresses, sure ne'er were beheld!
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance!
Oh! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball;
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall;
On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance;
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

He conducted me home, when the pastime was o'er,
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before;
He og'd and sigh'd, as he saw me advance:
Ah! the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

Then day after day I his company had;
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad;
But my father lov'd money, and would not advance;
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance.

But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing:
So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,
And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance.

SONG 220.

Sung in THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment!
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?

Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

SONG 221.

THE MATRON'S WISH.

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
And my visage looks pale:
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eye-sight does fail:

Let my words and my actions
Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old husband
To keep my back warm.

*The pleasures of youth
Are flowers but of May;
Our life's but a vapour,
Or body's but clay:
O let me live well,
Tho' I live but a day.*

With a sermon on Sunday
And a Bible of good print;
With a pot on the fire,
And good viands in't;
With ale, beer, and brandy,
Both winter and summer,
To drink to my gossip,
And be pledg'd by my cummer.

The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and with poultry,
And some money in store,
To purchase what's needful,
And to give to the poor;

With a bottle of Canary

To sip without sin,

And to comfort my daughter

Whene'er she lyes in,

The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy

To rest on at night,

With a maid in the morning

To rise with the light,

To do her work neatly,

And obey my desire,

To make the house clean,

And blow up the fire,

The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content,

And a good easy chair;

With a thick hood and mantle,

When I ride on my mare.

Let me dwell near my cupboard,

And far from my foes,

With a pair of glass eyes

To clap on my nose,

The pleasures of, &c.

And when I am dead,

With a sigh let them say,

Our honest old cummer's

Now laid in the clay;

When young, she was cheerful,
 No scold, nor no whore;
 She assisted her neighbours,
 And gave to the poor,
Tho' the flower of her youth
In her age did decay,
Tho' her life, like a vapour,
Evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy :
Unto her last day,

SONG 222.

ON THE SOUTH FENCIBLES.

HOW like you the news, my clever young fel-
Lillibulero Bulenala; [lows?
 The French, to invade us, are coming, they tell us,
Lillibulero Bulenala.
 They threaten to burn,
 Our ships and our corn;
 To seize on our sheep and our cattle, they hope,
 To plunder our houses:
 Run off with our spouses,
 And train up our children to worship the Pope.
Lillibulero Bulenala, Lillibulero Bulenala.

Then hie ! to your arms, ye brave Border lads,

Lillibulero Bulenala ;

Long ago ye were warlike and mettlesome blades,

Lillibulero Bulenala.

Instead of your mauds,

Get red coats and cockades.

Instead of a spade take a sword in your hand ;

Better list with BUCCLEUGH,

Than follow a plough,

Or serve any farmer, or laird in the land,

Lillibulero, &c.

Ye Taylors no longer bring over French fashions,

Lillibulero Bulenala.

And Barbers leave making their false-heads and cushions,

Lillibulero Bulenala.

He'll give you a trade, where more's to be made ;

You may still use your needle, your thimble, and comb :

And, He'll swear by his Sword,

Give his Writ or his Word,

That ye ne'er shall be draughted, or carry'd from home.

Lillibulero, &c.

Come hither, ye Fowlers, and all other sparks,
Lillibulero Bulenala,
Who're dext'rous at shooting at birds or at marks,
Lillibulero Bulenala,
If ye wish to improve,
In the art that ye love,
To the *Fencible Standard* directly repair;
Take your musket, and fill it,
With powder and bullet,
And pepper a Frenchman instead of a hare.
Lillibulero, &c.

SONG 223.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS PLATO, Why should man be vain!
Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,
Why look with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care!

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust, without distinction, lie.
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train:
When shot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls—
Let friendship reign, while here we stay:
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands we must obey.

SONG 224.

A MANTO MY MIND.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry—ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind!

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and drefs;
Not the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world with-
out end;
Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Nor the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's
unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding
or merit;
Nor the flush, that's all fury, without any spirit;
Nor the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind!
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my
mind.

[inspire;

But the youth whom good-sense and good-nature
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
admire;
In whose heart love and truth are with honour con-
join'd;
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

SONG 225.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

DEIL tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me,
Who to love me just had sworn ;

They made him captain sure to undo me :

Woe's me, he'll ne'er return.

A thousand loons abroad will fight him,

He from thousands ne'er will run ;

Day and night I did invite him,

To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,

With muckle kind embraces,

Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;

And had he my soft arms,

Preferr'd to war's alarms,

By love grown mad, without the man of God,

I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to mak' me look provoking ;

Snares that they told me would catch the men,

And on my head a huge commode sat poking,

Which made me shew as tall again ;

For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;
 My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lads was e'er so fine.
 My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace shoes, and silk-hose, garter full over knee ;
 But oh ! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought ;
 Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

SONG 226.

Sung in the GENTLE SHEPHERD,

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at,
 The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane.
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
To a' the leave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best:
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

SONG 227.

COLINET.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride!
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul,
Who so fair as lovely Bet?
Who so blest as Colinet?

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts;
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping wanton girls and boys;
Girls, as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys, as sweet as Colinet.

Though ripe sheaves of yellow corn
Now my plenteous barn adorn,
Though I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs;
Riper, fairer, sweeter, yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bet!

Though on Sundays I was seen,
Dress'd like any May-day queen;

Though six sweethearts daily strove,
To deserve thy Betty's love;
Them I quit without regret;
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with sports our bridal day:
May each lad a mistress find;
Like my Betsey, fair and kind;
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;
May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G 228.

J O C K E Y.

MY laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,

No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay ;
There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, my dear Jockey to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see ;
Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain ;
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste :
Then, farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I ;
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG 229.

To the Tune of, Lumps of Pudding.

HOLLER! keep it up, boys, and push round the
glass,

Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his las:
Away with dull thinking—'tis madness to think—
And let those be sober who've nothing to drink.

Tal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongu'd bell,
Of the hour that's departed still ringing the knell:
But what is't to us that the hours fly away?
'Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Huzza! boys, let each take a bumper in hand,
And stand—if there's any one able to stand.
How all things dance round me!—'tis life, though
my boys:
Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys!

My head! oh, my head!—but no matter 'tis life;
Far better than mopping at home with one's wife:
The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be grand,
When I'm neither able to think, speak, nor stand.

R. FERGUSSON.

SONG 230.

SUSANNA.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd ;
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wishful look ;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days ;
Why didst thou, ven'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas ?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest ;
Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast ?

The merchant, rob'd of treasure,
Views tempests with despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?

Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves flooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head,—and died.



S O N G 231.

RUSSEL'S TRIUMPH.

THURSDAY, in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Ruffel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line;
Let every hand supply his gun,
Follow me, and you'll see,
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep,
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood, all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smok, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore,
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more:

ST. CECILIA.

At six o' clock, the Red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow :
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.
See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate,
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate,
For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,
From thy untimely end thy Master's fate begun :
Enough, thou mighty God of War !
Now we sing, bless the King !
Let us drink to every British tar.

SONG 232.

AH ! why did Jockey gang away,
And leave his love behind him,
So far in distant climes to stray,
When Jane could never find him ?
Where thund'ring canons they do roar
And drums so loudly rattle ;
Where verdant fields are all in gore,
By some most furious battle.

Ye guardian Pow'rs ! my Jockey save
 When danger's fix'd around him ;
 For oh ! in arms 'tis known how brave
 His lairds have always found him.
 There's ne'er a lad in a' the town
 Can boast his equal merit ;
 He'll ever fight for England's crown
 With loyalty and spirit.

Oh ! had I known the cruel war
 So long had kept my laddy,
 I'd gang wi' him, tho' e'er so far,
 In a' my best of plaidy ;
 But hark ! I hear the fifes, the drums,
 Oh ! joy beyond expressing !
 My lovely foldier, see ! he comes,
 I'll fly for to caress him.

S O N G 233.

T H E E C H O I N G H O R N .

T H E echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To herse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !

O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies :

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !

The traitor is seiz'd on and dies !

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,

Like bacchanals, shouting and gay,

How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,

And lose the fatigues of the day !

With sport, love, and wine, sickle fortune defy,

Dull wisdom all happiness sours ;

Since life is no more than a passage at best,

Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G 234.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
That men call her the lass with the delicate air,

One ev'ning last May as I travers'd the grove
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph I declare,
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid ;
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear,
With raptures, to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd without pity my innocent heart ;
And from thence how to gain the dear maid was
my care ;
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me she blush'd, and complain'd
I was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude ;
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air :

Said her heart was the prize which I fought to
obtain,
And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain.
She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormenter affects to be mute :
Then tell me, ye swains who have conquer'd the
fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

SONG 235.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how,
 The pleasing plague stole on me.
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates,
 Have rather been uncivil.
 Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 'Tis not her sense, for that's but chat,
 Like any other woman.
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 Of Celia altogether.

SONG 236.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
 For Jenny's haughty heart maun bleed.

The smiling boy, with art divine,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

Nae mair the nymph, wi' haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew nae care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
Nae mair the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his-breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind;
Riches he looks on wi' disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in downs, wi' glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.

A' charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
Wi' breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be wi' bonny Jean.

SONG 237.

THE CARELESS LOVER.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
That I quite my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass:
But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good, and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
And tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
frown:

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;

But in wine from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischief that wait upon rivals in love;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends,
The more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring;
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;
But wine from grim Death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,
She had left me, to get an estate, or a lord;
But my bumper (regarding not title or pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

S O N G 238.

THE MILKING PAIL.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When spring newly born herself does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds :
Come sing in the praise while flocks do graze
On yonder pleasant vale,
Of those that chuse to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
To carry the milking pail.
Ye goddesses of the morn,
With blushes you adorn,
And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare,
A concert on each green thorn :
The blackbird and thrush, on every bush ;
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain,
To entertain the jolly train,
Of those of the milking pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers will spring no more,
The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.
See how the town-lads looks with her white face,
And her lips so deadly pale?
But it is not so with those that go,
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking pail.

The miss of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old:
While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail.
What joys are found in rushy ground,
Young, plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,
Of those of the milking pail.

Ye girls of Venus game,
That venture health and fame,
In practising feats, with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame:
If men were so wise to value the prize

Of wares most fit for sale,
What store of beaux would daub their clothes,
To save a nose, by following of those,
Who carry the milking pail?

The country lad is free,
From fears and jealousy,
Whilst, upon the green, he is often seen,
With his lass upon his knee;
With kisses most sweet he doth her treat,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale:
But the London lass, in every place,
With brazen face, despises the grace,
Of those with the milking-pail.

S O N G 239.

SUMMER.

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks, all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
*The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckoo then, &c.

WINTER.

When isicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
*When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit tu-who, a merry merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw:
*Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit tu-who, a merry merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*



S O N G 240.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,

And, the meadows all spangled with dew-drops,
behold;

The lark's early maddin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's shearful summons rebukes our delay,
*With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
can vie,*

*While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.*

Let the drudge of the town makeriches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;
 With hounds, and with horns, thro' the woodlands
 to roam,
 And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c

SONG 241.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckled us a' the gither;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her,
 Twa pikols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting-shot;
 And syne came ben the lass,
 Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt.

He first speir'd at the guidman,
And syne at Giles the mither,
An ye wad gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
I'll gie ye her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fai',
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its mak',
The las bound in her snood,
And crummie wha kens her staik;
Wi' an auld bedding o' claiths,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' fleas,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel, guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun the gither,
A house is but and ben,
And crummie will want her fother,

The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither !
We've nouter pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye needna fear,
Twa good stils to the pleugh,
And ye yoursel' maun steer :
Ye fall hae twa good pocks
That ance were o' the tweel,
The ane to ha'd the grots,
'The ither to ha'd the meal :
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
And that fall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may ha'd your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sancy Wilton's mare ;
The saddle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak' to my coots ;

The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come, fill us a cogue of swats,
We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married whan little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But since that things are sae,
The bride she maun come forth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae
'Twill be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither;
Content am , quo' she,
E'en gar the hissie come-hither.

The bride she gade to her bed.
The bridegroom he cam till her;
The fiddler crap in at the fit,
And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.



SONG 242.

THE JUDICIOUS FAIR.

YOU tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too ;
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's sweetly in tune,
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I ;
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring
And my voice like the nightingale's know but a
spring ;

For charms such as these then your praises give o'er,
To love me for life you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape, or an air,
For Chloe the wanton can rival me there ;
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as sun-shine the day ;
For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to love too.

C A T C H E S

A N D

G L E E S.



C A T C H 1.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BOWL.

For Four Voices.

SEE, my boys, the fuming bowl,
 Let jolly bumpers take their round;
 Rapture seize on ev'ry soul,
 'Till loud each chearful voice resound.
 Pow'r and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd;
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found,
 Only where the glass goes round.

CATCH 2.

THE TOAST; written by Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

For Three Voices.

GIVE the toast, my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away :
 Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave
 British souls,
 Who guards your fair freedom should crown your
 full bowls.
 Let him live—long and happy—see Lewis brought
 down ;
 And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.

CATCH 3.

Written by Mr. CLARKE.

For Three Voices.

SINCE my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my share,
 In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the
 Fair.
 And the man here who envies me most,
 Let him bid me say more, say more, say more to
 that toast.
 For a larger I'll soon, soon change my cup :
 To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable up.

CATCH 4.

For Three Voices.

JACK, thou'rt a toper, Jack thou'rt a toper,
 Let's have t' other quart;
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,
 ring,
 We're so sober, so sober, so sober,
 'Twere a shame to part.
 None but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold,
 Bully'd by his wife for coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,
 Coming, coming, coming late, fears a domestic strife,
 I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you, so
 are you too,
 Call and knock, knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Knock boldly, knock boldly,
 Tho' watchmen cry, Past two o' clock.

CATCH 5.

For Three Voices.

COME, honest friends, and jovial boys,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow me, and sing this catch,
 And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
 And sing this catch merry, merrily.
 Jovial boys, and honest friends, follow, &c.
 Honest friends, come, follow me,
 Jovial boys, come follow, follow me,
 And sing this catch, &c.

CATCH 6.

'T WAS you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir,
 I tell you nothing new, Sir,
 'Twas you that kept from KEPPEL's wake;
 'Twas you, Sir HUGH.
 Who, Sir? — Sir HUGH, Sir,
 Vice Admiral of the Blue, Sir;
 Bold WINDSOR twice aloud did call
 To deaf Sir HUGH.

'Twas he, Sir, 'twas he, Sir,
 'Twas he that cou'd not see, Sir;
 Who thought the day, the day was night;
 'Twas blind Sir HUGH.
 O! Sir, O! O! Sir,
 And was it, was it so, Sir?
 Who lagg'd a-stern to knot and splice,
 Do you know who?

'Twas PALLISER, 'twas PALLISER,
 With dilly, dally, dally, Sir;
 What splicing, knotting, all the while;
 Was't so, Sir HUGH.
 Here's a sad dog, Sir,
 To splice his very log, Sir,
 And then accuse brave KEPPEL, Sir;
 But that he'll rue.

CHORUS.

And now, Sir, rejoice, Sir,
 With hand and heart, and voice, Sir;
 From noble KEPPEL Frenchmen fly,
 Without Sir HUGH.

CATCH 7.

HARK! the bonny Christ-church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six,
They sound so wond'ry great, so wond'rous sweet,
And they trowl so merrily, merrily.
Hark! the first and second bell,
That every day, at four, and ten,
Cries Come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the Verger trips before the Dean.
Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the ne'er a man will leave his cann,
Till he hear the mighty Tom.

GLEE 1.

For Four Voices.

LET the bells now ring, and let the boys sing,
The young lasses trip and play;
Let the cup go about, until it be out,
Our learned Vicar we'll stay.

Let the pig turn round, hey merrily, hey,
And then the fat goose shall swim;
For verily, verily, verily, hey,
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

The stew'd cock shall crow, Cock-a-doodle-do ;
Aloud Cock-a-doodle shall crow :
The duck, and the drake, shall swim in a lake,
Of onions and claret below.

We'll labour and toil, to fertile the soil,
 And tithes shall come thicker, and thicker;
 We'll fall to the plough, and get children enough,
 And thou shalt be learned, O Vicar.

GLEE 2.

For Three Voices.

A Hoghead was offer'd to Bacchus his shrine,
 The god was offended because 'twas white-wine;
 Then curst in a passion, damn't, rot it, and mar it,
 Didst ever know Bacchus drink other than claret;
 So the jolly red god having empty'd the white-wine,
 Return'd the poor vot'ry the hoghead to sh-e in.

GLEE 3.

For Three Voices.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
 Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And tho' you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

TOASTS

AND

SENTIMENTS.

MAY we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May virtue be always amply rewarded.

May candor and honesty always be our governing principles.

May our conscience be sound though our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May virtue always prove victorious.

May temporal concerns never break in upon spiritual duty.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

May we be incorruptible by interest, and uninfluenced by power.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May we, as Christians, be zealous without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal without servility; and as citizens, free without faction.

Sensibility without inequality, and passions without vehemence.

May our hearts have for tenants, Truth, Candor, and Benevolence.

May our virtues be rather the effects of Religion than the gifts of Nature.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, or governed by interest.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May those who inherit the title of Gentlemen by birth deserve it by their behaviour.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May we never praise any man to undo him.

May we never destroy any person's credit to establish our own.

May we never set our friend to sale, or our conscience to hire.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, or a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May Providence unite the hearts that love.

May honour and honesty always triumph over vanity and hypocrisy.

More friends, and less need of them.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May an honest heart never feel distress.

May our life, spent in acts of virtue, be finished by death, seasoned with tranquillity, and followed by a memory full of honour.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest expressions.

May mirth and good fellowship be always in fashion.

May he that made the devil take us all.

Perpetual spring to friendship, youth, and love.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give him.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.

May they never want who have a spirit to spend.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, or estate in Scotland, never have any share in the government of it.

A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to all the enemies of Scotland.

Success to the Fair Sex in all their undertakings.

Good luck 'till we're tir'd of it.
Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
Delicate pleasure to susceptible minds.
May the single be married, and the married happy.
Health in freedom, and content in bondage.
Every man his right, and every rogue a halter.
All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy.
Health and success to the Bucks of Edinburgh.
May the evening's diversion bear the morning's
reflection.
May the wings of Extravagancy be clipp'd by the
scissars of Economy.
May our endeavours be always successful when
engaged under the banner of justice.
May we never speak to deceive, or listen to betray.
The honest North-country smith, who refused to
shoe for the man who voted against his country.
Honour and influence to the public-spirited Patrons
of Trade.
Long corns and short shoes to all the enemies of
Scotland.
May our Representatives, like Free Masons, be
elected by ballot.
May the friends of Scotland for ever have access
to the throne.
May we be always able to distinguish those, who,
by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty,
distinguish themselves.
Liberty, Property, and no Excise.
Liberty.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.
Union, stability, and fidelity, among the sons of
Liberty.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,
Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

I, Friend, drink to thee, Friend,
As this Friend drank to me Friend;
And as this Friend charged me, Friend,
That I should drink to thee, Friend;
I, Friend, charge thee, Friend,
That thou, Friend, drink to that Friend:
And the longer that we drink, Friends,
The merrier we shall be, Friends.

Here's a health to all those that love this *,
Here's a health to all those that love this,
Here's a health to all those, that love them that
love those,
That love those that love them, that love this.

May reason be the pilot, where passion blows the
gale,
And prudence the cockswain when love fills the sail.

Life to the man who has courage to lose it,
And wealth to him who has spirit to use it.

May every day be happier than the past,
And every hour merrier than the last.

* Holding a Glass in the Hand.

The ruling passion, be what it will,
The ruling passion governs nature still.

May each married Lady preserve her good-man;
And young Ladies get husbands as soon as they can.

The KING.

The QUEEN.

The ROYAL FAMILY.

The friends of Government.

Success to the royal navy.

The land we live in.

Love without fear,
And life without care.

The Land of Cakes.

All absent friends.

Life, love, and liberty.

Patience in adversity.

Gaiety and innocence.

Love and friendship.

Frugality without meanness.

Comfort to the distressed.

Decent economy.

Health and competency.

May we please and be pleased.

Peace and plenty.

May we always be blest

With what we like best.

Corn, horn, wool, and yarn.

All we wish, and all we want.

Love for love.

Every honest man his own.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Provision to the unprovided.



END OF THE MISCELLANY.

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